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Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

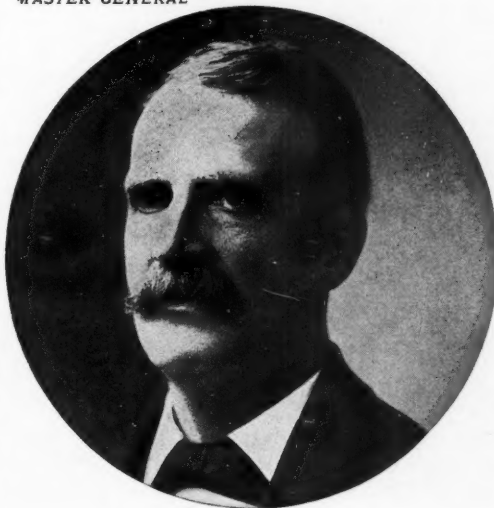
WITH a new secretary of the treasury from Iowa, a new postmaster-general from Wisconsin, and a great new public question labeled "Internal Expansion" and meaning national irrigation, the West bids fair to hold the centre of the stage in the Capitol this winter. Governor Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa, who succeeds Lyman J. Gage of Chicago in the treasury department, is known as one of the keenest and strongest sound money men in America. Moreover, he is an irrigationist.

Postmaster-General Payne of Wisconsin is vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee, and a successful business man. He was born in Franklin County, Mass., and did his first considerable service for pay in the post office at Shelburne Falls. Early in the '60s

young Payne went west and, like Philip D. Armour, the New York farm boy, located in Milwaukee. His rise there was rapid. For ten years he was postmaster of the city, so that he comes to his cabinet position with special knowledge of its requirements.

He has admirable tact and great executive ability and will come as near as any man can to conducting smoothly the vast and intricate machinery of this highly important department of the government.

HENRY C. PAYNE OF WISCONSIN, THE NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL



Postmaster-General Smith goes back to his editor's desk in the "Philadelphia Press," having made a splendid record of reforms accomplished and service extended in the post office department. Secretary Gage has not yet decided what he will do, but Chicago insists that she must not lose

the man who began life there as a big squabble—by officers of the United States army and navy, at least. at \$1.50 a day, and who rose to be president of her greatest bank and one of her most public spirited and best beloved citizens. There is no doubt that New York has made tempting offers to Mr. Gage, but it is not certain that he will accept any of them.

LYMAN J. GAGE, THE RETIRING SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY



REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY puts an end to speculation by saying he will ask Congress to vindicate him by retiring him with full pay and making good the expense to which he was put by the court of inquiry. Admiral Sampson, whose health has been very bad, is improving a bit, and the President's vigorous course appears to have shut off with beautiful celerity the rancorous discussion of the Santiago

GOVERNOR LESLIE M. SHAW OF IOWA, THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY



NIKOLA TESLA was going to telegraph messages across the Atlantic without wires. Marconi has done it. Moreover, the energetic Italian scientist has found time between messages to win the heart of a beautiful American girl, Miss Josephine Bowen Holman of Indianapolis. "I would rather marry that kind of a man than a king," Miss Holman says. She is wise. Mere kings pass into oblivion. The man who sent the first wireless message across the Atlantic will be long remembered as one of the earth's truly great sons. Marconi and Miss Holman met in London and renewed their acquaintance on an Atlantic liner. The inventor was receiving messages from a ship sixty-six miles away. The "dispatches" so received were

printed in a little paper. The inventor appointed Miss Holman his associate editor—and Cupid did the rest. She is to keep right on in that position.

The United States war department has given Marconi unstinted support in his experiment. The New York "Herald," always keenly alert to new scientific discoveries of large value, has aided him substantially. He has not lacked for enthusiastic believers. Within the week ending December 21, 1901, Marconi sent and three times repeated an intelligible message from St. John's, Newfoundland, to the Lizard, England, a distance of 1700 miles. The Morse code letter "S"—three dots—was the signal transmitted. Certain American scientists heard the news, but were skeptical. But only a few days later messages of considerable

length were sent by Marconi's system between the steamships "Lucania" and

SENORA DONA DELIA H. DE GARCIA MEROU,
THE CHARMING WIFE OF THE NEW MINISTER
FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC



"Campania," then 1,000 miles from Queenstown and 187 miles apart. Passengers on each ship sent personal greeting to friends on the other and received prompt replies, as easily as if they had been stationed at the ends of a land wire.

Marconi says the submarine cable rate of twenty-five cents a word will have to meet a wireless rate of one cent a word; and that a company will shortly be operating a wireless telegraph line between America and England. There seems little doubt that these early days of the twentieth century have witnessed the most extraordinary step ever made by man in annihilating distance and unifying the nations of the world.

NEW PORTRAIT OF COUNTESS CASSINI,

She is the niece of the Russian ambassador and has lately returned from Europe with a marvelous lot of stunning gowns.

Photo Copyrighted, 1901, by Clinedinst



IOWA now holds the nation's purse strings. With Speaker Henderson in control of House appropriations, Senator Allison Chairman of the Senate ap-

propriations committee, and Governor Leslie M. Shaw assuming the post of treasury secretary, the Hawkeye state is right up at the head of the procession. This is her reward for keeping good men in office at Washington during good

CUBA'S 400 years of bondage come to a close this year. A new republic is to be added to the family of American nations, and though its people, or most of them, speak Spanish, it will not long remain a Spanish-American republic.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI, WHO SENT A MESSAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY



The hand that set it free has enabled it to hold its first election in peace and order and will exercise a restraining influence upon elements of the population which might have a tendency to become revolutionary in the South American fashion. The traffic with the United States and the influx of Americans will speedily Americanize the island.

Another significant fact is that Cuba is to be a white man's country. General Maso, the presidential candidate of the negro party, was overwhelmingly defeated by T. Estrada Palma, the nominee of the white party, at the elections held December 31, and will become the first chief executive of the new nation. Gen-

eral Maximo Gomez, erstwhile idol of the Cuban populace, was stoned by Maso partisans while speaking for Palma in Santiago recently. The blacks resented his friendliness with the American officials and the white party generally.

behavior—a sort of civil service rule which well repays the state that practices it. And, of course, it is her reward for producing good men with such a liberal hand. The skies never frown on Iowa and her soil never fails.

President-elect Palma was chief of the Cuban junta in New York City during the insurrection, and did immensely valuable work for his countrymen in supplying war funds. He was once before a president of Cuba, being chosen to head a provisional republic set up during one of the later insurrections. He sacrificed a large private fortune and served time in a Spanish prison for his part in patriotic movements.

There is less talk here of late concerning the probability that Cuba will become a state of the American Union, but many shrewd statesmen insist that this is the ultimate destiny of the island.

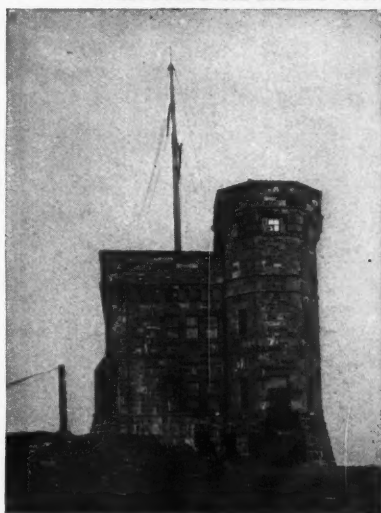
Just now the chief topic of discussion in that connection is, What shall be the relations of the United States with the new republic? Shall we give it special favors in trade treaties or shall we make its goods pay tariff at our ports like those of the rest of the world?

THIS magazine has received from the United States Export Association of New York, F. B. Thurber, President, a timely suggestion concerning Cuba.

The Export Association's interest in the subject, aside from the interest shared

CABOT TOWER ON SIGNAL HILL, MARCONI'S NEWFOUNDLAND STATION

From a photo made for the Boston "Globe"



by all Americans, that we shall be just and even generous in our relations with Cuba, is explained by its sub-title, "A

HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. THE CROSS SHOWS SIGNAL HILL, WHENCE MARCONI SENT HIS MESSAGE TO ENGLAND

From a photo made for the Boston "Globe"



MARCONI AND HIS TWO ASSISTANTS AT TOWER HILL

From a photo made for the Boston "Globe"



Union of American Interests to Extend the Consumption of American Products." The association quotes President Roosevelt's message in which he said:

"Elsewhere I have discussed the question of reciprocity. In the case of Cuba, however, there are weighty reasons of morality and of national interest why the policy should be held to have a peculiar application, and I most earnestly ask your attention to the wisdom—indeed, to the vital need—of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States. Cuba has in her constitution affirmed what we desired, that she should stand, in international matters, in closer and more friendly relations with us than with any other power; and we are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being."

The report of Secretary of War Root is quoted at greater length, giving details of Cuba's economic dependence upon the United States.

Finally, Military Governor Wood is quoted, he having written:

"High duties against Cuban products mean that the (island's) development will be slow, if at all. The importation of United States products into Cuba, while it is increasing, is yet considerably below the total importations from other countries. New conditions have changed her old commercial relations, and if she is to live and prosper, she must have lower duties on her sugar and tobacco, especially the former.

With such reduction, the development of the island will be rapid and immediate."

The question of Cuba's future is pressing for early settlement. Though few statesmen of the present day doubt that statehood in the American Union is her

HARRITA CHESTER, A BOSTON SINGER

She is equally successful in dramatic and lyric roles. Her singing voice is a full and very powerful coloratura soprano.

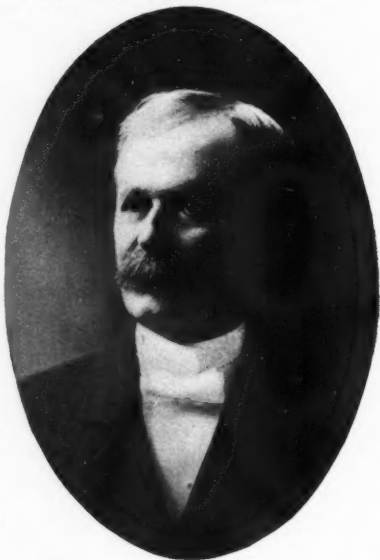


final destiny, no one doubts that she will first be permitted to try the experiment of political independence. The campaign just closed in the island developed but two candidates for the presidency of the new republic. These were General Bartolome Maso, who served in the field during the insurrection, and T. Estrada Palma, who as chief of the Cuban junta in New York City aided greatly in supplying funds to carry on the insurrection. The heated character of the contest is proven by the fact that Maximo Gomez, erstwhile idol of the Cuban populace, was stoned while speaking for Mr. Palma's candidacy in Eastern Cuba a few days ago.

The question of reciprocity with the island will be hard fought in the American congress this winter. The Sugar Trust, the beet sugar makers of the United States and the Louisiana cane

growers will try to be potent factors in shaping the results. The influence of the

HENRY CASSON, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES 1901-2.



BARON LUDOVIC MONCHEUR, THE NEW MINISTER FROM BELGIUM

Photo Copyrighted, 1901, by Chnedinst



President, it is thought, will turn the scale in favor of what he deems a national duty to the Cubans.

EVERYBODY who follows the trend of events even slightly realizes that a great new national problem has come strongly to the front with the new administration. That problem is irrigation. It is being discussed in the lobbies and the cloak rooms, on the cars and in the press; even the ladies from Western states have constituted themselves missionaries of the propaganda, which has for its motto the taking phrase, "Internal Expansion." The subject is being gone over in all its phases, and on none of these is there a wider range of ignorance among Eastern folk than on the sources of the water that is to be used. A government expert says:

"The greater portion of water used in irrigation is diverted by gravity from

flowing streams. Yet some of the most important sources of supply are made available by pumping. This is particularly the case in humid regions where irrigation works are provided largely to insure crop success.

"In diversified and intensive farming, where the land is used most carefully, the value of the crop under favorable conditions may be from \$200 to \$400 per acre when planted in small fruits, strawberries or raspberries; or in vegetables, such as onions, celery, etc. With a slight deficiency of moisture at the critical time the crop, although looking well, may not yield more than \$50 an acre; the difference in a single season alone will usually repay the cost of constructing a well, and of providing suitable pumping machinery.

"For the purpose of raising water an almost infinite variety of devices have been employed, from the crude but effective home-made mills used throughout the Great Plains by the settlers, or those built by the Chinamen

and Italian gardeners near large cities, up to the highly efficient machinery con-

SIGNOR EDMONDO DES PLANCHES, THE NEW MINISTER FROM ITALY Photo Copyrighted, 1901, by Clinedinst



CONGRESSMAN GOLDFOGLE OF NEW YORK



structed by manufacturers who have studied the needs of various localities. Windmills and steam and gasoline engines are most common, but there are also electric devices wherever this form of power can be had—and in fact nearly every source of energy, whether from fuel, the wind, or flowing water, is utilized in reclamation of the arid land, or for increasing the crop yield in regions where there is usually ample rainfall."

The main thing that seems to be coming home to the general comprehension is that there is plenty of water available for irrigation, but that the getting at it is too costly for private means and the equitable distribution of it an undertak-

ing not safely to be entrusted to individuals. With the government as a buyer of

ANDREW CARNEGIE, WHO HAS PUT UNCLE SAM ON HIS LIST



machinery, American inventors and manufacturers will quickly supply whatever may be lacking in this respect.

ST. LOUIS first put spade into dirt for her World's Fair of 1903 on December 20, the ninety-eighth anniversary of the formal transfer of the Louisiana Territory to the United States. David R. Francis, president of the exposition company, turned the first shovelful of

THEODORE T. ROOSEVELT, OF ACKLEY, IOWA
Mr. Roosevelt is a first cousin of the President and a successful business man engaged in flour milling.



earth. Though the day was very cold, a distinguished company was present to witness the historic ceremony, and

a program of exercises fitted to the occasion took place. Six inches of snow had been cleared away and the thermometers showed a temperature of ten degrees below zero, when, clad in heavy

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER OF LOS ANGELES

Mr. Clover first gained reputation as co-editor with Hayden Carruth, of the (late) "Dakota Bell." Later he reported Indian fights on the frontier, wrote stories and poetry and edited the "Evening Post" in Chicago. Now, in the more congenial climate of the Pacific coast, he is publisher of the Los Angeles "Daily Express."



overcoat, "arctics," gloves and silken neckscarf, President Francis, with strenuous expenditure of "elbow grease" and leg pressure, managed to hoist a shovelful of frozen dirt and deposit it in a wagon drawn by four white horses. Other exposition officials, state governors and others took turns at the shovel, and all together made up a pretty fair wagon-load of dirt. Rev. Dr. S. J. Nicolls prefaced the shovelling with a plea for divine guidance in the great work.

THE MAN WHO CAPTURED AGUINALDO

Yes, this is the same Fred Funston—now Brigadier-General Funston of the regular army. It has been some time since this picture was a good likeness of the general, but those who have seen both say this photograph of Fred Funston as a baby strikingly resembles the son and heir whose recent arrival has called the general back from the Philippines.



WHEN the congressmen draw their monthly pay of \$416 one month and \$415 the next, alternately, they soon become acquainted with the genial sergeant-at-arms of the house. Henry Casson is very popular and efficient in the work, and no one has ever done greater honor to the mace. This is a picturesque form of authority that is absolute. The use of this emblem of absolute authority has come down from the Roman token which even a Cæsar could not defy. The present mace was made in 1840; its predecessor consisted of two mahogany rods crossed. The British in sacking the Capitol in 1814 destroyed the original mace used during the Revolution. The present mace is a silver globe five inches in diameter, on which the dimly marked continental boundaries

have nearly worn off—surrounded by a circle and surmounted by an aggressive looking silver eagle with wings flapping about six inches in height.

Thirteen mahogany rods a quarter of an inch thick, bound by interlaced silver bands, form the rod proper. At the bottom is a small projection which holds it upright in its place on the pedestal. The mace is always taken into the House and placed on the left of the speaker in a marble pedestal, and no session of congress has ever been opened without this traditional ceremony of Roman law. When the speaker himself is not in the chair it is removed, and it is always removed when the house resolves itself into a committee of the whole. When the mace is held over the head of a member he is under arrest, and can only be re-

leased by a resolution of congress. The last member on which it was used was "Jerry" Simpson, and it has been seldom called into action since the Reed rules were adopted. The story is told by an old doorkeeper of how a member from North Carolina bade defiance to the mace, and its bearer, armed with a jack-knife with which he had been whittling.

MRS. EARLE W. SEITZ OF WASHINGTON *Photo by Clineinst*



MEMORIES of those indeterminate sessions night and day—when General Weaver, the Greenbacker, held the fort fourteen days without a cessation, indicate that a revolution has been effected in the dispatch of public business. Now the Capitol employes have no fear of missing a meal or a night's rest. Those were the days when the cloak rooms, after a continuous session for weeks,

were a sight. Captain Hugh Lewis, an old one-armed veteran who has been prominently identified with General Edward S. Bragg of the Iron Brigade, has interesting stories to tell of the Forty-Fifth Congress, and there is now not a single member in the house who occupied a seat at that time. Even General Galusha Grow was absent that session, and Captain Lewis insists:

"There were some hot old times here in those days. With the Democratic side over half filled with ex-Confederate brigadier generals and the Republican side likewise, there was no trouble to find trouble." Captain Lewis has an accurate memory and it is interesting to see the House committee take a recess to call him in to confirm a date in an incident of years past. And he is always ready with an answer that can be relied upon.

IN his message to congress President Roosevelt had this to say of the Pan-American Exposition:

"The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo has just closed. Both from the industrial and the artistic standpoint this exposition has been in a high degree creditable and useful, not merely to Buffalo but to the United States. The terrible tragedy of the President's assassination interfered materially with its being a financial success. The exposition was peculiarly in harmony with the trend of our public policy, because it represented an effort to bring into closer touch all the peoples of the Western Hemisphere, and give them an increasing sense of unity. Such an effort was a genuine service to the entire American public."

The President thus recognizes two facts: first, that the exposition "was a genuine service to the entire American

WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON OF CHICAGO, A WELL-KNOWN WRITER AND PUBLIC READER



public;" second, that "the terrible tragedy of the President's assassination interfered materially with its being a financial success." On these statements of the President it would seem that the appeal to congress for aid in meeting the deficit, at least in part, should at least be given a fair hearing. On the grounds here stated it would seem that the country as a whole ought to share with Buffalo the financial loss to the exposition which was an incident of the great national calamity. The deficit is about \$2,700,000. There is practically nothing to pay second mortgage bonds and about \$600,000 in contractors' claims.

MISS ALTA SHILLING OF WASHINGTON

Photo by Buck

AMERICAN STAGE BEAUTIES: VIRGINIA HARNED, OTHERWISE MRS. E. H. SOTHERN

Miss Harned has added another to the long list of her stage successes by her brilliant acting of the heroine's part in the dramatization of "Alice of Old Vincennes," Maurice Thompson's popular novel.

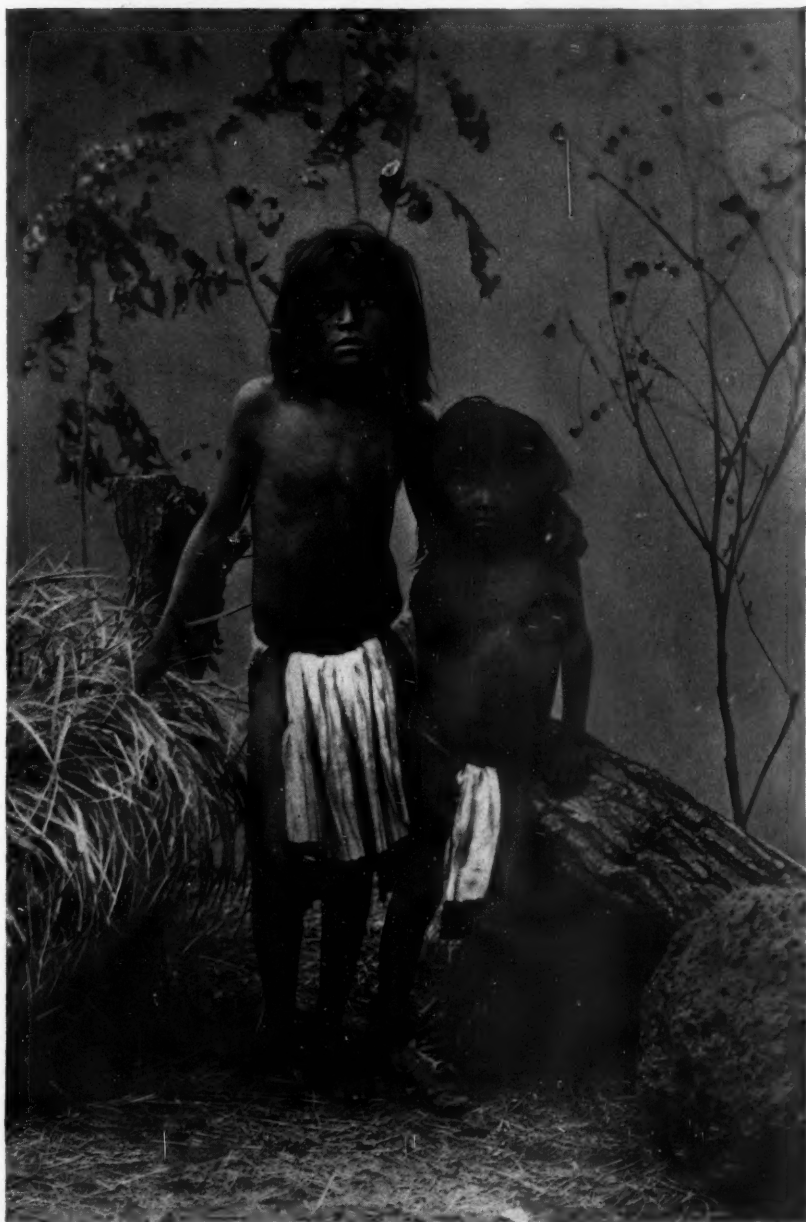


VIRGINIA HARNED AS "ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES"



YOUNG APACHE BUCKS, IN SUMMER ATTIRE

President Roosevelt thinks it high time these boys of the southwestern deserts and mountains should become civilized and self-supporting. He shares the belief of Senator Quarles of Wisconsin, chairman of the committee on Indian Affairs, that the tribal relations of the Indians should be dissolved. He would give each red man land and let him take even chances with his brothers in white and black.



A GROUP OF FAMOUS AMERICAN EDITORS

ADOLPH OCHS, New York "Times"
M. H. DEYOUNG, San Francisco "Chronicle"
HORACE WHITE, New York "Evening Post"

CHAS. H. TAYLOR, Jr., Boston "Globe"
CLARK HOWELL, Atlanta "Constitution"
H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago "Record-Herald"



STOUT MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL BUILDING

The towered structure is the one built by Senator Stout. The other is the Central school building, erected by the city of Menomonie; it houses a kindergarten, nine grades and the high school.



The Stout Manual Training School

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IN casting about for logical reasons for American supremacy in the industrial and commercial world, one must quickly acknowledge that the manual training schools have certainly been a potential factor. The American idea of utilizing even the formative period of life and the leisure hours of a career serves a good purpose, which has been emphatically illustrated in the fruits of the manual training schools. There is no other phase of education that has interested

me more than the manual training schools, which are springing up in all sections of the country.

The boys are evidently given a start at once in building homes. The frame work of a model miniature barn was standing before a class at the Stout Manual Training School in Menomonie, Wis. In this practical lesson was a clear exposition of the uses of geometry. In the iron foundry were the small tools and forges. Scattered about were all sorts

of castings, which the little busy hands had been at work upon. Instead of the usual school desks were tools everywhere. In the girl's room were the complete cooking materials. The upper story is devoted to the fine arts. Among the paintings by the pupils I noticed one, a marine sketch, done by a little girl of Swedish descent, who had never seen the sea, but who doubtless had inherited from a sea-faring ancestry the sympathy and feeling that made her plain little picture rich with charm. Vigorous individual work is the distinctive feature of a student's life at the Stout Manual Training School.

In the kindergarten, which is open during the vacation season of the more advanced

The grounds about the school indicate the study of artistic landscape gardening which is going to do so much to beautify American cities. The splendid public parks of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago are to be reproduced on smaller scales by the graduates of these temples of practical learning—the manual training schools. The beauty

STOUT MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL: THE SEWING ROOM AND SCHOOL KITCHEN



which the books of the common schools teach our youths to love, will be materialized by the skill imparted in the school of manual training. This is one of the far-reaching benefits which Senator Stout and other genuine philanthropists are conferring upon the people among whom

grades, I saw the little ones march about with the enthusiasm of true Americans, to the music of the piano played by a young girl with the same touch of positiveness which characterizes all American work, and which is the promise of continued national advancement. The flag drill performed by the little ones had a true touch of patriotic fervor about it. American institutions will be safely entrusted to these boys and girls grown men and women.

they have amassed wealth. It is one of their titles to grateful remembrance in the years to come. Great and generous as their ideals may be, truly it shall be said of these men that "they builded better than they knew."

The Stout Manual Training School and high school building occupy an entire block almost in the centre of Menomonie. In the tower is a clock which will long be remembered and associated with the happiest period of life by the

students who attend this institution. Its call to the serious duties of the hour will echo in their ears in later years and they will carry to the tasks of their maturity the discipline of which that clock was the visible emblem.

Here the spirit of co-operation is everywhere evident. The affectionate regard shown for the smooth faced, modest mannered gentleman who has done so much for them and for the cause

of education, is inspiring evidence of the fine spirit of young Americans; and the twinkle in their patron's eyes, visible even while he is most seriously engaged upon the details of the school's business, demonstrates the pleasure that he gains from the work.

Senator Stout's chief purpose in educational work is to promote the spirit of self-reliance in the student. Apart from the school, he has also originated a

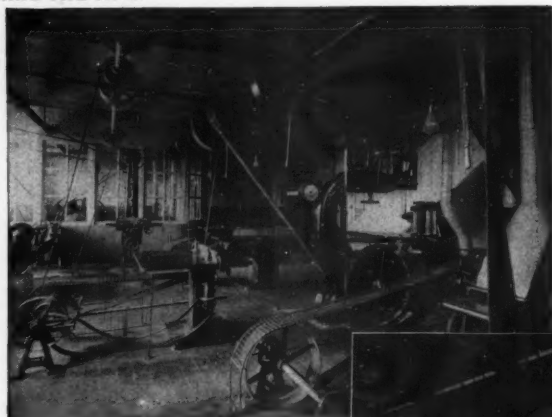
HON. J. H. STOUT, SENATOR OF WISCONSIN, SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN, AND FOUNDER AND PATRON OF ONE OF THE MOST WIDELY-KNOWN AND SUCCESSFUL MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS IN AMERICA



system of traveling libraries, which distributes books from week to week and month to month, as well as pictures

farms and homes which have been established in the cut-over timber lands of Northern Wisconsin are the fruit of the thrift and technical skill taught in the Stout Manual Training School.

THE STOUT MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL: THE FORGE AND THE MILL



and reproductions from famous paintings, to the remoter saw mill towns and rural settlements of Wisconsin.

Senator Stout is a member of the state legislature, and is an acknowledged leader in the educational matters of his state. He has a beautiful home at Menomonie and there he has given the best years of his life to promoting the welfare of his neighbors. Wherever he goes, he is constantly thinking of that school, so that he can bring home to it whatever can be obtained to promote the efficiency of the institution.

* * *

A careful, systematic record is kept of the results obtained by the institution; the faculty members keep in close touch by correspondence with the graduates, and do what they can to help deserving, tried and true boys to make a start in life. But, one thing above all others, they are made to feel that they must make every effort for themselves.

Very many of the large number of



enthusiastic and vitally interested in educational matters than the average run of people in the factory districts of the East.

The strong race of typical Americans, born, perhaps, of American fathers and foreign mothers, or vice versa, is practically a new race. The education it demands does not stop with the widening of the intellectual horizon, but account is taken of the fact that no one can be deemed properly educated until the finer impulses of the heart are touched. The foreigners who come to the great central west, chiefly from the northern countries of Europe, have brought with them the characteristic American devotion to

home life; and in these large families of small children there is a spirit of unselfishness developed such that even in the thirst for knowledge and the ambition stimulated by enlarged opportunities there is always a strong tie of family co-operation. These humble but model homes are doing incalculable good work for the future of the country. They mean that we are to have strong men of high purposes and the ideal home living and maternal instinct in the women. This is the education that is being furnished by the manual training schools. The whole curriculum is so carefully molded to meet the practical and earnest purposes of life that the future success of the graduates becomes in a way merely a matter of carrying out the fixed habits of youth.

The special manual training school goes to the very tap-root of the education problem. It has done more to bring

Senator Stout's great purpose has been to bring about the unification of practical manual training with the public school courses. His school was begun in the real sense when, in 1890, Mr. Stout offered the board of education of Menomoneie a building furnished with equipment necessary for the instruction of classes of boys and girls in manual training, together with the salaries of instructors and contingent expenses for three years. It is to the credit of the intelligence of this community that the liberal proposition was not only accepted, but given the hearty co-operation of the people.

The school opened in 1891, and that proved to be a very successful year. In 1897 the entire building was burned to the ground, but the effect of this calamity was to bring the relationship of the manual training school and the public high school still closer. It must be said

to the credit of the citizens of Menomoneie, that in Mr. Stout's undertakings he has had the hearty co-operation of a large number of the prominent citizens, who not only assisted in a financial way, but gave him generous and hearty support, which is in itself an inspiration to any leader of a new move-

STOUT MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL: THE ART MUSEUM AND ART STUDY ROOM



PHOTO BY NELSON

manual training into the regular academic work in the general scheme of public education than anything else. It makes for the growth and cultivation of the individual by feeling, thinking and acting the material things in the constructive processes.



PHOTO BY NELSON

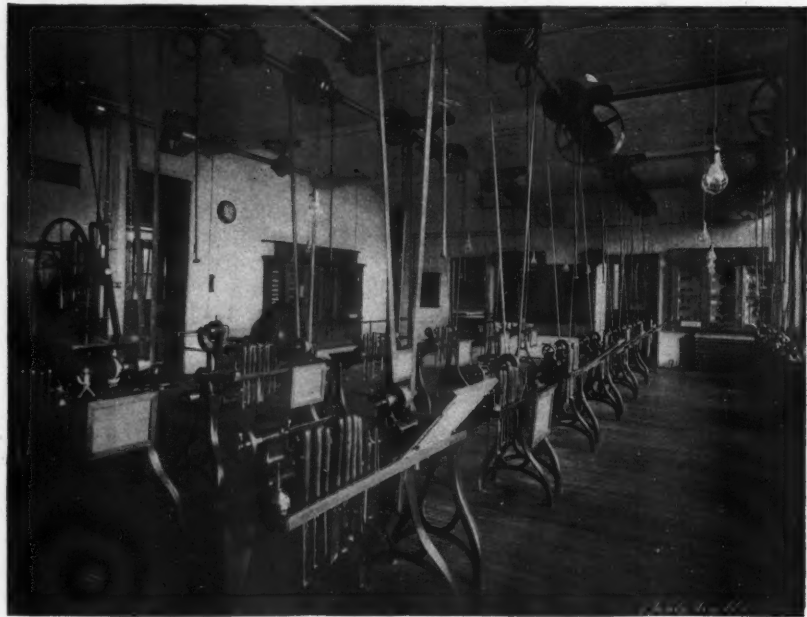
ment. Mr. Stout has the advantage of not only being thoroughly engrossed in the educational work, but he is a practical business man as well and has brought to the upbuilding of his school the great executive ability that characterized his steady advancement in business.

The mechanical appliances of the school reflect the founder's character; all are of the newest patterns, and a detailed list of the equipment would at

similes of sections of the Parthenon. The exhibit room is especially interesting, revealing the splendid work accomplished from the kindergarten through the grades to the high school; it is indeed a revelation of taste and refinement which is seldom if ever exceeded in the general run of students. The room set apart for exhibits of productions of art—pictures, statues, busts of plaster and bronze, has a fine showing of good work.

STOUT MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL: WOOD TURNING ROOM

Photo by Helson



once impress those acquainted with the minutiae of such work with the watchful care constantly exercised. The result of this is to stimulate the inventive faculties of the student and keep the whole institution thoroughly up to date in every detail.

In the art department there is an array of beautiful casts. Copies of the famous masterpieces of sculpture illustrate Greek, Roman and Moorish designs of architecture; among them are five large fac-

At the Menomonie school the boys are taken from the grammar and high schools for an hour or so each day, which in no way detracts from the value of their lessons in the regular program.

Half a day is spent in visiting different departments, and coming face to face with the actual work done, and then one has more nearly an adequate comprehension of the scope of the manual training school than may be gained by visiting the smaller institutions devoted exclus-

ively to this course. For it must not be forgotten that Senator Stout's primary idea has been to make the manual training an incidental, but no less essential part of the public school curriculum; and the success is so pronounced and emphatic as to have a salutary influence in the general exploitation of the idea.

The latest of Senator Stout's gifts to the school is a combined natatorium and gymnasium, 99 by 132 feet in size, three stories high. A competent instructor has been placed in charge of this branch of the work. Here the public school pupils are taught to swim and to develop their best physical capabilities in every way. All of the appointments of the building are of the highest class. When not in use by the schools it is open to the general public.

As philanthropist and president of the board of school commissioners at large, Senator Stout has done much to bring about the introduction of manual training in the public schools of other states

than Wisconsin. No less an authority than President Charles Kendall Adams of the University of Iowa, until recently at the head of the University of Wisconsin, paid the following tribute to this institution: "We have in this state the finest manual training school in the country, and probably the best in the world."

It was with a feeling of regret that I watched the gathering twilight and departed at the end of the day to carry away with me the memories of a lesson that will last for a lifetime, for here it was that I came face to face with noble efforts to better the conditions not only of the present generation, but of generations to come. The school that trains equally the hand, the heart and the brain is the school of the future. It is the foundation stone of free institutions. Too much honor cannot be paid to the man who has unselfishly applied his wealth and (what is more than the mere giving of wealth) has given the best efforts of his busy years to benefit his fellowmen.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS"



PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY AT DINNER WITH MR. AND MRS. HANNA IN THE CLEVELAND HOME OF THE SENATOR



William McKinley as I Knew Him

Second Paper

By *SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA*

THE one absorbing purpose in William McKinley's political career was to keep closely in touch with the people, so that he might promote their material and moral welfare.

He seemed to study and watch current events as a barometer, gauging the growth of public sentiment keenly, and particularly watching the development of the new industries and new resources. He accentuated the American idea in everything he undertook.

There was something sublime in the way in which he viewed his defeat in the tariff reform cyclone of 1892. I often discussed the situation with him—and then we talked of the "McKinley Bill." I remember how his eyes sparkled when it was suggested that his bill was the sole cause of Republican defeat, and how he deliberated a statement to me with an air of prophecy:

"That may have been so, but the bill was passed so short a time prior to election that it was easy for our opponents to make charges and there was no time for us to combat them, but wait and see, Mark—wait and see. The principles and policies of that bill will yet win a greater victory for our party than we have ever had before. This misunderstanding will yet contribute to overwhelming Republican success."

The general conditions were such, however, that the party's reverse could not be attributed entirely to the McKinley bill. There were other factors in the landslide of '92.

The Real Author of the Gold Plank

During the early part of the campaign of 1896, the charge was made that McKinley voted for the free coinage of silver. And with his usual candor he admitted that, in the earlier stages of the agitation of the money question, it was to him then a proposition he had not fully investigated; he did not pretend to be a doctor of finance and had followed the popular trend of that time. After fuller discussion and practical demonstration of facts; observing after the changing conditions of the country, and weighing the question in its various relations to the fundamental laws of practical finance and the true policy best for the country—his conclusions were voiced in the St. Louis platform of 1896.

The last discussion that I had with him upon the money question before he was nominated was a few days before I left for St. Louis, at my office in Cleveland.

He turned to my desk, sat down and wrote in lead pencil an article which he handed me when finished, saying:

"There, Mark, are my ideas of what our platform should be on the money question."

I carried the paper in my pocket to St. Louis some days before the convention, and that declaration of William McKinley contained in substance what was afterward drafted into the plank in the platform on that question. I mention this because in subsequent discussion a great deal has been said about the construction of that plank in the St. Louis platform on the tariff and money question.

This absolute declaration was given me by Major McKinley as embracing his ideas, and while the language may have been changed somewhat, the meaning of the article he wrote weeks before the convention was absolutely followed in the platform of 1896.

As to the quality of his courage—I never knew a man more fearless. In the dark days of the Ohio gerrymander, when, as author of the McKinley bill, he lost his seat in Congress, he was cheerful in a defeat that had cut a Democratic majority of 2,000 down to 300. He had fought an uphill fight, and although defeated, was elated over the confidence which his home people expressed in the principles which he represented. The defeat had no depressing effect on his mind and energies, but spurred him to greater effort. And in every serious emergency that confronted him, he was prepared for the event—always calm and courageous. Even amidst the onslaughts of campaign abuse he never uttered in my presence one retaliatory word, but always referred to the enemy as "our opponents," while I must confess I used stronger adjectives at times.

His Enjoyment of a Good Joke

THERE was nothing that he enjoyed more than a social time with friends at dinner. He always entered into the spirit of the occasion and contributed his full share of merriment. And once aroused he showed a side of his character that few were acquainted with. He enjoyed jokes to the full measure, and was a pleasant tease. When he once had a joke on me he rung all the changes; and no one enjoyed a joke on himself more thoroughly than he did.

In 1897, when I was a tenderfoot, recently arrived in Washington, he asked me to give up a dinner engagement with some gentlemen, to fill up the table, as an emergency man, at a dinner to be given at the White House that night. I de-

clined, saying I had a better thing—not knowing that an invitation to the White House was equivalent to a social command. This joke on me was a delight to him.

When he was a guest at my house for several days, or a member of a house party, his flow of genial spirits began at the breakfast table and continued uninterrupted all day. He seemed to feel as if he were on a vacation, and had the joyous spirit of a big boy home from school, always looking after the comfort of others, with never, apparently, a thought for himself. An ideal home-body was William McKinley, and the American fireside was a shrine of worship with him.

At one of our house parties we had a flashlight photograph taken of the dinner guests. He was particularly fond of this dinner picture* because it contained a splendid likeness of Mrs. McKinley.

When McKinley laughed, he laughed heartily all over, and was a perfect boy in his enjoyment. In all the social visits to my home, it was an inspiration to me to see the way he could throw off the cares of the day. It always made me feel twenty years younger to spend a social evening with him, and I can not begin to measure the depth and value of this friendship, to me, entirely aside from his public career.

• His First Football Game

HE was never much inclined, I believe to take an active part in athletics, though his simple, normal habits of life kept him always in excellent condition physically and mentally. He proved the enduring sturdiness of his frame by his hard service in the Civil War, and by the tremendous amount of labor which he afterward put into the study and presentation of public questions. He was, of course, interested in the notable athletic contests that the college boys held, but it was as late as 1894 that he and I witnessed together our first game of football—a Princeton-Yale game at New York.

It was a drizzling, cold day, but he watched every movement of the game from the Club House with as keen an interest as he gave to a debate in Congress.

When some mysterious movement in a "pile up" was made he would turn and ask me about it, but I had to shake my head and confess it was my first game and that it was all Greek to me.

He told me how he felt like the country boy who went to a college football game for the first time, to see the "real thing." When asked how he liked it, the country boy naively replied:

"They didn't have no game; they got into a scrap and kept fightin' all the time when they ought to have been playing ball."

* Reproduced opposite the first page of this paper.

At this football game there was little to foreshadow what was written in the political horizon two years later, but I do recall that he seemed to be especially popular with the sturdy young collegians, one of whom remarked to his companion as they passed by us:

"Who is that distinguished looking man—the one that looks like Napoleon?"



His Fondness for Plays and Actors

THE late President was particularly fond of a good play, and when he would come to stay with me at Cleveland over night, he would always inquire:

"Is there anything good at your Opera House to-night, Mark?"

We enjoyed many pleasant evenings together. He delighted in meeting the prominent actors and was very fond of Joseph Jefferson. Many an hour have they chatted together, and Jefferson never failed to call and see him when in Washington. Sol Smith Russell was another friend. The drama of high standard was to him a relief from worriments of the day and thoroughly enjoyed as a relaxation. He delighted to discuss with these play folks their art, and how actors, like men in public life, had to cater to public wishes and how much their influence meant in producing plays of healthful purpose and moral teaching. Mrs. McKinley was also very fond of the theater; he always delighted to indulge her, and they spent many happy evenings together witnessing the best plays that were on the boards.

He never tired of seeing Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Cricket on the Hearth," which were undoubtedly his favorite plays.

"Mark, you meet as many distinguished men as owner of an opera house as you do as senator," he would jokingly remark after a chat with an actor. He always seemed to have a keen scent for talent in any profession and was quick to recognize genius. The psychological study the actor made in portraying human nature before the footlights was to him fascinating. The personality of these men on the stage he believed had a potent influence on the public mind. He never tired of high-class dramas; he was especially fond of Shakespeare's plays, and always attended thoroughly "read up." He would often chide me for not being more thoroughly posted on the original Shakesperean text, but I was more concerned in the play as staged.

How well I remember how he enjoyed witnessing the play entitled "The Politician" during his second campaign for Governor of Ohio. We sat together in a box. Roland Reed, who played the "Politician" and who is now dead, directed his remarks straight at us and McKinley enjoyed his hits immensely. The actor brought in impromptu points, and so generously improvised the speak-

ing part that it seemed as if the actors and audience were having an "aside" all to themselves at our expense.

His Whole-Hearted Generosity

A MAN of more generous impulses than William McKinley never lived. When cases were presented to him for relief that were beyond his ability to meet, he would apply to me or some of his friends for assistance in aiding worthy persons, and his friends were always glad to respond to these appeals. He was liberal without stint. It gave him actual physical pain to see anyone suffering or in distress, and on such occasions showed his great faith in friendship, never hesitating to go to any bounds in an appeal for others. Whatever he had in his pocket, whether it was ten cents or ten dollars, he was always ready to give it to relieve distress. If the applicant only required fifty cents and the Major had ten dollars in his pocket, the applicant would get the ten. He did not know such a thing as taking change from charity.

His Catholic Tastes in Music

THOUGH he had no especial training in music, no person was more partial to it than William McKinley. And his tastes were as catholic as a child's. Anything from a hurdygurdy to grand opera pleased him. He would keep his hands or feet beating time whenever there was music about him. I recall many Sunday evening home concerts. Every one was singing, and he would call for "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light." The radiance on his face when he sang those old favorite hymns, as if his whole soul was in it, is to me a sacred memory picture of William McKinley.

He would urge me to try to sing and insisted I had a sweet tenor voice, but the pleasant charm of the happy occasions was never marred by my vocal efforts.

I knew I could not sing, but I listened; the echoes of those happy hours will linger with me as long as I live. The little singing parties in our parlor after dinner were always his delight.

Quiet Hours of Smoking and Chatting

I GOT the closest revelations of William McKinley's character, I think, in our quiet hours of smoking and chatting, when all the rest had retired. Far past

midnight we have sat many times talking over those matters which friends always discuss—and the closer I came to the man the more lovable his character appeared. Every time we met there was revealed the gentle, growing greatness of a man who knew men, respected them and loved them. Never was it the personal interests of William McKinley that he discussed, but those of friends, or his party, and above all, of the people. His clear cut conscientiousness was pronounced. In these heart to heart talks—friend to friend—in the calm serenity of the night's quiet hours, we felt the ties of our life's friendship growing stronger as we simply sat and puffed and looked in each other's faces. These home smoke-chats are the treasured memories of a man who loved mankind much more than he did himself and who had consecrated his career to the people. He always was interested in business and industrial affairs and understood them as few men did in their relation to the home comforts and happiness of the American people. It was in these quiet hours together that the splendid devotion of the man to high and noble ideals showed clearest. I think that a reminiscent glance at our smoke-chat meetings night after night, wherever we chanced to be, reveals to me most freely the great qualities in the man which the world had so profoundly honored. I can see that kindly, quizzical look in his deep blue eyes under his bushy eyebrows, when he broke the silence after meditating:

"Mark, this seems to be right and fair and just. I think so, don't you?" His "don't you?" or "did you?" always had a tone that invited candid confidence, and this is a peculiarity that brings back to my memory some incidents of our acquaintanceship in early years that seemed to foreshadow his future.

Looking back over the long years of association with William McKinley, nothing seems to stand out more prominently than the hearty and sunny way in which he always enjoyed the friendly hours of recreation. These pleasant episodes of a purely personal nature are emphasized more and more as I think of him, and it is these that I most cherish in the memory of the man. His greatness as a statesman was but the reflection of his greatness as a man.

William McKinley was faultless in his friendships.

(Next paper in the March number.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—The foregoing is the second article of a series in which Senator Hanna will review the career of William McKinley. There will be papers dealing with the personal traits of the late President; the part he bore in the discussion of the tariff and money questions; his preferences in literature, music and the other fine arts as these were revealed to his friends; his personal attitude toward the great new national problems that became of first importance during his presidency,—these and other phases of the work and characteristics of the best beloved of all the American presidents. Every American is glad to pay a tribute of regard and sorrow to his name who was lately called from his earthly task to other spheres; no one, probably, is so well equipped as Senator Hanna to reveal in action those qualities of mind and character which made William McKinley what he was. There has been no other such historic friendship in American politics as that which these two great and loyal-hearted men gave to each other and which the survivor fittingly commemorates in these papers.]



A Cuspide Corona

Memorial Verses, September 19th, 1901

By O. C. AURINGER

IN Canton's holy ground his bones are laid,
The tumult and the passion die away;
The storm that heaved the multitude is stayed,
And lips that moved in wrath are set to pray.

Young Autumn drops her fruit upon the lands—
Deep winter and untimely frosts our souls;
The maples hand along their reddening brands
In vain! 'tis but a sign in crimson scrolls,

Blood on our banner! Blood and woe and tears,
Fulfill the emptied measure of our pride;
There falls on us a weight of unguessed years,
The burden of a purpose undescried.

'Tis well with him who low in Canton sleeps,
'Tis ill with us his people who remain!
A spirit of strange destiny up-leaps,
With burning eyes that question heart and brain;

Yet not in vain if strength comes as of old
From souls of heroes vanished, if our eyes,
Through mists of dim mortality, behold
Their faithful spirits watching from the skies.

II.

Doubtless 'tis sweet to hew, to build, to plough,
Dear the uncared-for life, the freeborn grace—
'Tis past! grave records stamp the freeman's brow
And thought and sorrow dignify his face.

Thought, sorrow, yet with sweetness at the core,
And trust in men, and kindliness and ruth;
The open childhood of the race is o'er,
The prescient man succeeds the unformed youth.

A CUSPIDE CORONA

The weight of an unprecedented time
 Falls on us out of heaven—be it so!
 Thenceforth our steps are measured with the chime
 Of feet that to that world-wide temple flow,

The august temple of mankind that rears
 High through the future its enduring state,
 The Commonwealth of Nations, whose strong years
 Run on to some far undetermined date.

Through doubt, through cloud, through falterings, through sublime
 Retrievals shall we come, renowned in worth,
 Great with the great convened of every clime,
 The council and assembly of the earth.

III.

In oneness with his people and the type
 Of times transitional and tides of change,
 The season found in him a spirit ripe
 To lead the nation in its worldward range.

Far past the ancient boundaries and away,
 Southward amid the magic isles he led,
 Where groaning on its bed of torment lay
 An empire by enchantment overspread.

He snatched the enchanter's wand, and broke his spell,
 And toppled down his turrets built on air,
 And springs of life unchained began to well,
 And flash abroad their glad streams everywhere.

Then farther from those ancient boundaries—far—
 Forth Eastward on an untried track he bore,
 And plucked by fate through a battle a fair star
 Of Empire from the Orient's golden store,

And planted there the splendor and the shade,
 The strength and weakness of our blended sway,
 With that free confidence which ever made
 Our star the sign and marvel of its day.

Then suddenly without hope, in mid career,
 The mighty Admiral sinks! An envious flaw
 Has smitten, and the scared sails flock in fear,
 And captains and the people gaze in awe.

O fallen, fallen, fallen the mighty chief
Created by a nation's love! Alas,
Now recreated in a nation's grief;
But throned in two-fold splendor not to pass!

IV.

Firm, fortress like, upon his native rock,
Faith in the nation and its foremost word,
'Mid tumult of opinion and the shock
Of inmost change, he stood, nor deemed he erred.

Wise, temperate, just; a servant and yet free,
Strong in the course o'er which his vision ran,
The soul invincible in courtesy,
And more, by grace, a Christian nobleman;

A patient love that love made speed to crown—
Was ever mortal so beloved before!—
Broad-beaconed manhood, golden-tongued renown,
A virgin faith uncrossed with baser lore.

Such things they die not nor can ever die
The life they garnished. They are winds that blow
Health to the world forever. Far they fly,
Sowing afresh life's fallows as they go!

V.

Nor here among his countrymen alone,
Are mourned those sun-like virtues quenched in space,—
Our mourning badge has lengthened to a zone
That clasps the round world in its sad embrace—

Fire quenched in heaven, but risen on men's hearts
With power to warm, to lighten and to cheer;
A pulse through unborn generations starts
At the new hope in manhood kindled here!

The world's deep heart beheld in this sole man
The thing it would be—soul leaps up to soul!
This character seemed to fulfill the plan
All lives had dreamed of, something sane and whole,

The perfect marriage in one friendly life
 Of things that are of heaven with things we see,
 The under-swell of human throe and strife
 Transpierced and held by spherul harmony.

VI.

Before a stage-struck madman's frenzied play,
 The Father-Sun of Lincoln dropped its flame;
 The Trusty-Heart of Garfield went death's way
 To celebrate a hollow egoist's name;

And third—not least—to his sublime repose
 Within our solemn House of Martyrs, see,
 The Much-Beloved of his people goes,
 Spoil of malignant inhumanity.

Love, greatness, human kindness—what are they
 To beasts that roam and raven? whose sole joy
 In all this fair world is to lurk and slay—
 Instinct to mar, the passion to destroy!

O senseless deed! O mischievous dull fool!
 Blind-hearted, made with eyes that cannot see!
 Dupe of sardonic masters of unrule—
 Go—rot unnamed in your vain obloquy!

The season's ripe—forth, huntsmen, to the wood
 With horns and hounds and voices! Prick each shade;
 Beat pit and cover till the dragon's brood
 That draws our mightest down is pierced and laid!

Then back—take off the buskins from the feet,
 And bind the sandals on; mail without flaw
 Hand down in haste and clothe yourselves complete;
 Gird on the rusting weapons of the law,

And on where keen the civic clarions call!
 Safeguard all avenues with goodly bands
 And incorruptible; but first of all
 Spoil the wild game of blood in lawless hands!

Secure all roads for freemen's feet upcast;
 Clear every path for injury to redress,
 And bind with fetters of cold judgment fast
 Passions that blindly run to lawlessness!

Since love and justice in one sphere are bound,
Were it not well when passions over-ride
To turn the shield of charity around,
And show the wayward the severer side?

So shall we bind to us the Great King's grace
And justify the kinship that we claim,
And our Lost Captain, looking from his place,
Behold in us a knighthood without blame.

VII.

A little time—a week—eternities,
Pain harried him with slow unfeeling hand,
While pang for pang was marked by sad degrees
Upon the broad heart-dial of the land.

And now a truce blinds all. Tongues cease to plead
Their partial causes. Interest waives his brief;
Gain rests his toil, the partisan his creed,
Hushed in the one great passion of our grief.

It helps the heart to grieve a little while;
Then, from the heavy cloud of your distress,
Proud people, weep! He is gone who knew no guile—
Sunk is the five-rayed star of righteousness!

Weep, soldiers, for a soldier honor-mailed!
Mourn, citizens, your loftiest pride and peer!
Weep, captains of the people, never failed
A glory more illustrious from your sphere!

Weep for the ashen hearth, the sunken fire;
Weep for the voiceless rooms so blithe of yore;
Grieve softly like young children for their sire;
Weep for the patient hand that guides no more!

Weep honor and mourn virtue! Let there be
Tears without stint out-welling from pure eyes;
The skies weep with you—see how tenderly!—
O'er the low place where your exemplar lies!

O sacred these embalmings of the dead
In holy spice and unguents of our tears!
The priceless vessel spent upon his head
Sets winds of perfume blowing through the years!

Little Novels

Bebe

*"Dear little girl, 'tis a weary race,
But God in His wisdom He giveth grace
At the morn and the eve in your pure
young face,
And it maketh the world a Heaven-place."*

THE teacher laughed roughly as Rightor's words left his lips and he turned his eyes impatiently from the slender, girlish figure dancing down the slope. For the wine of the world was in his blood.

He had given hostages to Ambition, he had none left to give to Love.—Or thought that he had none. Life loomed before him big with possibilities. It was in him to climb high and he knew it. Small wonder that he turned a cold shoulder to fetters, even when they took the form of beautiful, black-eyed Bébé. He, Monroe Madison, a level-headed young man of the twentieth century. And yet, when he took down "Black-stone" the tender lines were again upon his lips.

"Dear little girl, 'tis a weary race."

Madison sighed softly as he opened the book, then he pulled himself up sharply and made remarks about the poet that were distinctly unjust.

Perhaps it was an evil hour that had brought him to Bayou Arcadia and sat him down in the midst of a band of budding 'Cajian girls as their teacher. He had rushed upon his fate recklessly. A township school with a salary that would carry him through law was what he was looking for and he found it upon Bayou Arcadia. He also found the quiet out-of-school hours that his studies craved. The heaven-given quiet which only the solitudes between the pines may know.

Why then make ado if he found a bit more than law demanded: billowy green hills with pines striding sturdily up their slopes and tossing down to them wonderful 'broidery of sunshine and shadow; sunrises, mysteriously beautiful as the budding bloom of womanhood; sunsets that quickened the heartbeats and large, still stars that stooped to the crest of the pines. The warmth of the world's wine went out of his blood. He could have shouted in abandonment—had he not given hostages to Ambition.

As it was he reproached himself for weakness and was so stern with Bébé that her big eyes grew misty and she could no longer "make out" the rigid lines of the conjugation.

"Now listen to me, Bébé. First person, I love; second person, you love; third person, we love—"

The boy at the bottom of the class giggled:

"Silence in the class! You have fifteen minutes to review this lesson and all who fail then will remain after school."

Poor Bébé, crimson with mortification, bowed her head upon the desk and wept bitterly.

"I don't know my lesson, me," she sobbed when the class was called.

The rest of the grammar grade dropped in casting scared, curious glances at Bébé's bowed head and the teacher's stern face.

When the school was dismissed and the silence broken only by the murmuring pines and an occasional quivering sob from Bébé, Madison eyed the door as though contemplating flight. A young man with a crying baby is generally admitted to be in an awkward position,

but when the baby takes the form of a lovely young girl—

"*'Dear little girl, 'tis a weary race—'*"

Madison bit off the quotation and strode sternly to the delinquent's desk.

"Bébé."

"Sir?"

"Crying will not mend matters,—little girl." He sat down on the rough bench by Bébé's side.

"Let me go over it with you."

Slowly and kindly he carried the verb to love through its past and present, and sobbingly Bébé tracked after him.

The break came in the future.

"We will love," the master led gravely, but the pupil was silent.

"We will love, Bébé," he insisted.

Bébé's big eyes flashed up at him, brighter than ever because of their wet lashes.

"Yes, monsieur," she replied demurely, "We will love."

Madison started to his feet and his hand went out to the tumbled curls. Conscious of a maddening desire to be alone with "Blackstone"—and the memory of that upward glance.

"That will do, little girl. I think you have been punished enough for one day."

The bent head slipped shyly from beneath his hand; there was an unsteady "T'ank you, monsieur," and he was alone. With "Blackstone?" Alas, "Blackstone" knew not the stong, tender words that were upon Monroe Madison's lips when he came to himself and realized that he was still standing with tightly folded arms staring at the green vista down which Bébé had disappeared.

"*'It maketh the world a Heaven-place.'*"

And after that the hostages that had been given to Ambition were forgotten. There were long walks to be had up and down the bonny green hills; wild flowers to be gathered and shy words of quaintly spoken thanks to be coaxed from lovely lips. He had no quarrel now to pick

with the poet. It was all so true.

"*'Dear little girl, in the morning dew,
When I walk in the garden alone
with you,
The flowers are sweet, and the air is new,
And the world is fair, and the skies
are blue.'*"

"Until the term closes," he told himself sternly, and struggled manfully with the eager love that had leaped into his life.

"Until the term closed. How far away that day seemed to him in his great impatience. His arms yearned for the pressure of the slight young form at his side and his heart beat like a wild thing at the mere thought of those lipping lips beneath his own.

When the school was dismissed and the key turned over to the head man among the trustees, Madison had planned to walk home with Bébé; to win her away from her companions; to—

But the head man did not come for the key. The pupils trooped across the foot-log through the "branch" and scattered away by different paths. Five minutes more dragged by. Bébé would be half-way home before he could overtake her. At the thought the dilatory trustee was consigned to everlasting oblivion. Madison caught up his hat and ran swiftly down the slope to the "branch." Across the foot-log with a quick turn to the right. And then all desire to hasten suddenly left him. There on the fallen tree-trunk, her slender bare feet hidden among the dry, curled ferns of early autumn, sat his beautiful, black-eyed Bébé. Ah, but Bébé was not alone. The handsome boy had pleaded well and Bébé was smiling a shy, sweet smile that made the man's heart grow numb within him.

The boy took possession of her hands with a happy laugh.

"An' me, I t'ink you love the teacher."

Bébé answered his laugh with sweet-hearted joyousness.

"Love him, me! He's old, ogley—"

Monroe Madison recrossed the log silently and went soberly up the slope thinking industriously of those hostages he had given to Ambition.

The trustee had not yet come.

He opened "Blackstone" and sat down at his desk cruelly conscious that he was tired.

"*'Dear little girl, 'tis a weary race.'*"

His head dropped upon his arms with a groan—

"Oh, damn Rightor!"

F. H. Lancaster

CUEVAS, MISS.

The Woman With a Soul

MRS. RATHBURN'S dinner-party was a great success. But few regrets had come in, and by half past nine her beautiful home was comfortably filled. Mrs. Rathburn was a society woman without a peer. She knew how to entertain, and her friends of both sexes were wont to say, "What would we do without Dolly?"

The dining-room was in white this evening. Even the furniture was white, with gilt touches, and the decorations were lilies and white roses. Mrs. Rathburn's dinner-parties usually represented a cosmopolitan company. She did not demand the pedigree of every guest. If a person was popular, her doors swung open to him, or her. That was why the Woman With a Soul was present; also, perhaps, the Poet, and the Actor.

The Poet sat beside the Woman With a Soul. Across the table, a little further down, was the Actor. The Poet had attained distinction by some extraordinary verses which had suddenly flung him into the glare of the search-light of fame. The Woman With a Soul was singing in opera that week, and people were clamoring to meet her. The Actor had retired from the stage of romance, and his friends called him a good fellow.

And Mrs. Rathburn had asked them to come because they were popular.

The Poet had, figuratively, lived in a world of his own till now. He had spent his life studying nature, and flowers, and the soul of all good things. Then he wrote down on paper what he discovered. He had been studying the Woman With a Soul all that evening, and when his hostess asked them to go out to dinner together he was very glad, somehow. After they were seated at table, he had seen the Actor look at her with a slow smile, which she acknowledged and returned, and he wondered at the queer feeling which came to his breast—a feeling of resentment. Then she talked to him, and the bare beauty of her face and neck, her shoulders and breast, was like a veil to his mind, and he could not think clearly. Then came a feeling which he had never described in his verses, and he longed to possess her. Passionate unrest stirred within him, and Love was travelling with another birth.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I love you?" said the Poet, his eyes shining with a lustre other than wine.

"Others have said it," replied the Woman With a Soul, smiling at him with lowered lashes.

The look was like a magic draught.

"But you have not—loved?"

"I thought I did—once."

"I do love you. If I could have you for my own, you would tip my life with the sunshine of happiness."

"You are a poet, and wine is deceptive," she answered.

He started, as though aggrieved.

"If you knew me better," she went on, "perhaps you would not feel this way. Have you never heard bad things about me?"

"No; and if I did, I would resent them. Look at this."

He stretched out his hand, and took from a vase a calla lily.

"You are like this; delicate, scented, pure, white and unspotted. If your soul was black, you could not be so fair. Poison the root of this flower, and it will become unsightly."

He leaned toward her, and the perfume of her presence was as sweet as the lees of wine, and as dizzy.

"See! The cream of this petal is the satin of your throat; its gentle curve is the rounded beauty of your shoulder. You are the lily, and the lily is you!"

She forgot the laughter and talk floating up the long room, absorbed by his earnestness. He looked into her eyes, and quoted:

*"The dark rose of your mouth
Is Summer and the South to me;
The altar of desire and dreams
Its tendernesses seem to me."*

"My love is pure," he resumed. "Suppose I pour water into the cup of this lily. It will give it life, and lend to it a greater beauty. Such would be my love for you. But instead, suppose I pour wine——"

He lifted the glass which had just been refilled, and emptied it into the lily's cup. When this, in turn, was emptied, a dull red color stained the whiteness which had been.

"That is unworthy love," said the Poet, and the Woman With a Soul trembled ever so slightly, and cast a glance unseen by the Poet at the Actor.

People were rising from the table. After dinner they were separated. Only on the steps, at leave taking, did they meet again.

"You sing to-morrow night," said the Poet, pressing her hand. "Wear a lily, as a sign to me!"

The Woman With a Soul and the Actor drove away together.

* * *

The next night people wondered at the strange freak of the beautiful singer. Where her bosom shone above her low cut bodice was a great calla lily, but its cup was stained as though with wine.

E. Carl Litsey

LEBANON, KY.



Twenty-Third Psalm

THE might of God's enfolding arms my foes and fears alike will daunt;
His mercy brims my cup; He is my shepherd and I shall not want.

E'en though my bread be but a crust, my roof be mean, my fire burn low,
His love will fill my soul with peace, my heart with a diviner glow.

Through pastures sweet with scented bloom His unseen presence leadeth me;
In running brooks and waters still His unremitting care I see.

Yea, when I walk within the vale where death's black shadow glooms the way,
I shall not fear: the Lord my God will guide my feet and be my stay.

Beyond that vale no heart is torn, no eye with tears of anguish wet:—
His Word it is the solid rock whereon my house of hope is set.

O long and long the way He leads His children to their destined place;
A-many suns must rise and sink ere we may look upon His face;

But sometime, be it e'er so far, the way will lead us to His door,
And we will bide at His dear side forever and forevermore.

Frank Putnam

Phases of the World's Affairs

The McKinley Memorial at Canton

THE mound where the body of William McKinley will eventually lie, and above which will be reared the memorial of the people of the United States, is in the farthest section of Westlawn Cemetery. Without question, it is the most beautiful spot in the cemetery. Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, one of the trustees of the McKinley Memorial Association, which is raising the funds for the memorial tomb, said, when he first beheld it, that it was "the finest spot out of doors in all the world." The mound rises in a gentle slope about seventy-five feet from the little stream that lies at its feet and curves in a similar graceful sweep to the east. A carriage road lies at its base at the edge of the water and another one mounts the hill and circles it at the back. It is purposed to use about five acres of the mound—its very best part, in fact—which will give ample room for the stately tomb that will be erected there and for the spread of greensward to relieve and to soften it.

Lying there William McKinley can look with a spiritual eye upon the town of Canton, whose chief glory he was; he can see from the eyrie of his monument the home where he was so happy and within whose stricken walls rests his devoted widow. And as he turns his gaze over the country, it will light on the graceful little marble figure—a rosy boy with a basket of flowers—that keeps watch and ward over the tiny graves at its feet. There is a long stretch of years between these little mounds and the great one that looks down upon them, but in

all the time that elapsed from the day that he first turned and left his babies in their graves to the one when he lay in the same cemetery beside them, William McKinley's heart was ever aching for those little girls. It was the greatest sorrow that ever entered into his life and no glory that came to him thereafter ever lulled it into sleep. It is only another example of how destiny works for him after death as it did in life that their graves are to lie there hereafter in the protection of his mighty tomb whose shadow will cast a benediction upon them.

Back of these pathetic little graves lie those of his father and mother and sister. Between them—a link in death as in life—William McKinley would have reposed himself had not the love and the honor of the nation willed otherwise. Only simple headstones rise above them, characteristic in this very simplicity of the strong, unpretentious natures that lie beneath them:

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

1801—1892

N. A. MCKINLEY

1809—1897

He owed much to them, these sturdy, God-fearing parents, did William McKinley, and he could have raised a towering monument above them. But he obeyed the wish of their cold white lips as he had the ruddy ones of life, and bestowed them for their long last sleep with all the simple dignity they loved and lived as well.

Until the memorial tomb is built, the body of William McKinley will lie in the

public receiving vault where it was placed on September 10, the day of the funeral. The massive coffin rests as it was placed there last September, encircled by the folds of the Stars and Stripes. This vault is a simple but effective bit of mortuary architecture. It was a gift to Westlawn Cemetery a number of years ago by Mrs. Frank Mason Werts of Canton in honor of her husband. It is of Romanesque design, constructed of rock-faced and dressed Massillon sandstone, at a cost of \$5,000, and is built into the hillside. Night and day it is guarded by a detail of United States soldiers, forty-five in number.

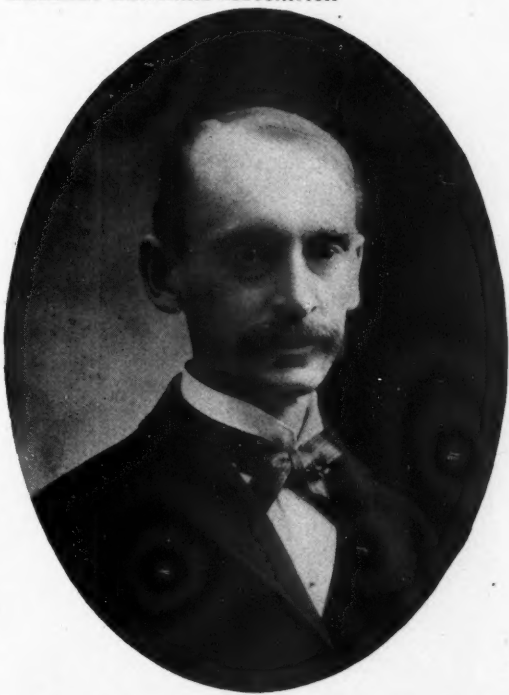
These soldiers find their principal occupation in warding off relic hunters. Every day and all hours of the day, there is a stream of visitors at the vault. So strong is their desire for a remembrance—a faded flower, a bit of ribbon, even a spear of grass—that the utmost precaution must be taken to thwart them. A sentry keeps watch at the door of the vault while other soldiers walk beats at the top and sides of the hill. So wearing is this duty, especially in the still watches of the night when even the bravest feel a shadow of fear in a grewsome cemetery, that the hours of service are cut down to the smallest limit and each man gets three days off each week. To counteract the monotony of this existence, the men are drilled twice a day and it is somewhat of an incongruity to hear the brazen note of the trumpet in a cemetery, calling out the commands, and to see the lively manoeuvres of the men.

Westlawn Cemetery is practically on

the outskirts of Canton, though an active man or an athletic girl of the day could walk it in twenty minutes. Should one care to ride, the electric car takes him within five minutes of the gates, and when the memorial tomb is built and the national hegira begins, there will be a line to the cemetery itself.

While not a show cemetery, in any sense of the word—its unpretentiousness would militate against that—Westlawn is one of simple appealing beauty and a quiet but definite charm. About it is

JUDGE WILLIAM R. DAY, PRESIDENT OF THE
MCKINLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION



an intangible sense of spirituality altogether missing from those grand cemeteries that demand admiration, and it touches the gentler emotions like the distant sound of sweet-toned church bells.

Westlawn is a fine bit of rolling

country, comprising some sixty-five acres of well-diversified ground. Nature has done much for it, and, in the main, nature has been let wisely alone. Where art has stepped in it has been to complement, not to contradict, as is so often the case. Its hills and valleys retain their first curvings and are still covered with their native oaks, some of giant size and all impressive with the dignity of age and fitness. These are set off, here and there, by other indigenous trees, so judiciously planted that the charm of a primitive landscape is never departed from. A beautiful little stream that widens into two tiny lakes, framed with tall trees and mirroring the beauties about them, winds lazily through the cemetery with no set purpose in view until it is forced into the picturesque

activity of a waterfall. This stream is spanned at several places by rustic stone bridges, which afford admirable points to view the landscape. Everywhere the eyes rest are scenes of quiet beauty, and within its comparatively scant acreage there is far greater diversity than many a more pretentious cemetery could present. This nation holds the wishes of the dead in reverence and is eager to fulfill them, so there was no dissentient voice that William McKinley should prefer to lie in the quiet of his home town rather than in the greater publicity of a big city. Rather, it saw in it only one more manifestation to add to the thousands it already knew, of the innate simplicity and sentiment of the man that pomp and vainglory could not destroy. And it honored him even more in death than

in life because he was true to himself and his ideals.

The character and size of the memorial tomb cannot be determined, of course, until all the money has been collected. It will, however, be architecturally worthy the great dead it honors and the still greater nation that honors him. It will typify the strength and grandeur of both; it will teach, with the enduring eloquence of stone, the lesson of good citizenship and stalwart Americanism he lived and preached and it will show to all the countries of the earth how well this nation loves a man who loved it.

The McKinley National Memorial Association, which has its headquarters at Cleveland, in raising funds for this memorial tomb at Canton, Ohio, seeks the offerings of the many rather than the gifts of the few.

MYRON T. HERRICK, OF CLEVELAND, TREASURER
OF THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL COMMISSION



William McKinley was the people's President and his memorial should come from them. The association has organized the country so that everyone — no matter how remote from the activities of the world — has easy opportunity to contribute. Every postmaster and every banker in the land will receive contributions; every express agent will forward them free of charge to the treasurers of the state committees or to the treasurer of the association, Myron T. Merrick, at Cleveland. Every contributor will receive an artistic souvenir certificate well worthy of preservation.

The officers of the McKinley National Memorial Association are: William R. Day, Canton, Ohio, president; Marcus A. Hanna, Washington, vice-president; Myron T. Merrick, Cleveland, treasurer; and Ryerson Ritchie, Cleveland, secretary.

William R. Sage

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

RYERSON RITCHIE, SECRETARY OF THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL COMMISSION



"In His Last Conscious Moments"

ON the evening preceding Mr. McKinley's death, fully ten thousand persons, anxious to learn his condition, gathered in front of the "Post" Building in Washington. Every fifteen or twenty minutes an operator opened the window of the telegraph room and repeated through a megaphone the latest dispatches. It was a beautiful night, star-lit and serene, and during the reading, save for the occasional sound of a street car, Pennsylvania Avenue was as quiet as a church, and as impressive.

In delivering the messages the telegraph operator spoke slowly and solemnly, carefully enunciating each syllable,

and even stating the place, the hour and the minute that the news was given to the press. During the evening many dispatches were read, each of which indicated that the end was near; but the most solemn and effecting, the one that made the deepest impress on my mind and will never be forgotten, concerned the President's wife. The human voice through the megaphone carries far and there is something supernatural in the effect. The words came slowly and impressively:

*"Milburn—House—Nine—Fifteen—P.M.
In—his—last—conscious—moments—the—
President—comforted—Mrs.—McKinley!"*

As the echo of the final word died away there was a slight movement in the crowd and the men stood with uncovered heads. "*The President comforted Mrs. McKinley!*" It was an involuntary tribute to the man who, in his death agony, could do this, and a chivalric recognition of the sacredness of a woman's SORROW.

Emily Ida Farnum

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Pan-American Congress

WHEN it is possible for all the representatives of the free and indepen-

dent states of Pan-America to meet in earnest and friendly conclave, with an avowed object to seek solutions for the many and vexing problems and conflicting interests of these young nations, we may well indeed say that the utopian dreams of some generous minds are not as fanciful as pessimists declare them to be. Such is the case to-day in the City of Mexico, where, as this is written, the accredited delegates from all the Latin-American countries and of the United States have been holding an International Congress since October 22, 1901.

PAN-AMERICAN DELEGATES AT DINNER

From a snapshot taken for "The National"

Group of delegates and secretaries taken at Puebla. The gentleman marked 'X' is General Reyes, of Colombia, who lately made a sensational speech in which he sent a salute to the mother country, Spain. He is being urged by both warring parties of Colombia to go there and take the Presidency.



PAN-AMERICAN DELEGATES AT PLAY*From a snapshot taken for "The National"*

During one of the excursions in the neighborhood of Orizaba, the delegates and secretaries were entertained at a coffee hacienda. The banquet hall was lavishly draped with the flags of the Pan-American nations, and after the dinner the host allowed the younger element to take possession of the flags. The photograph shows them on the roof of the main building holding their different national flags aloft.



The main issue before them is the all-important one of arbitration, but there are also other problems which are taking up their earnest consideration, notably, matters pertaining to commerce and industry, reciprocity, banking facilities and monetary exchange, the projected Pan-American Railway, sanitation, International Court of Claims, the reorganization and amplification of the work of the

Bureau of American Republics, a reciprocity arrangement for the exercise of the liberal professions, an international understanding in reference to patent laws and trademarks, and other questions pertaining to the general welfare of the present and future of the nations represented. There are nineteen different committees, duly organized, each country having a chairman, which have

reported and will report on different themes, the result of their work being placed before the Congress for discussion.

The officers of the Second International Conference of American States, or as it is generally called, the Second Pan-American Congress, are: Honorary Presidents, Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State for the United States of America, and Senor Lic. Ignacio Mariscal, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Mexico; Executive President, Senor Lic. Genaro Raigosa; First Vice-president, Senhor Hygino Duarte Pereira, delegate from Brazil, (deceased); Second Vice-president, Senor Baltazar Estupinian, delegate from Salvador; Secretary-general, Senor Lic. Joaquin D. Casasus, delegate from Mexico.

Since their arrival in this city the delegates to this Congress have been lavishly entertained by the Mexican government,

THE GALLANT CORREA OF NICARAGUA IS QUITE A LADY KILLER

From a snapshot taken for "The National"



DELEGATE CORREA, NICARAGUA, IN THE CENTER
To the left of the picture O. K. Davis of the New York Sun.

From a snapshot taken for "The National"



and every possible attention has been paid to them as the accredited representatives of their various governments, and as the advance guard of an era of better understanding and higher ideals between the sovereign nations of this hemisphere. Their material comforts have been provided for, and the beauty and harmony of their surroundings are such as to bring forth their happiest inspirations and most earnest efforts.

This conference is having a similar experience to that of the one held at The Hague, namely, that the failure of sensational occurrences, food for the yellow journals, has caused the impression abroad that the Congress is to be a failure. It will be remembered that during the first sessions of the Peace Conference at The Hague, the numerous journalists present from all parts of the world, failing to note sensational events and deep intrigue, not only prophesied, but positively stated that nothing short of a gen-

eral disarmament could possibly make the conference anything but a failure, and yet the delegates to that great meeting, calmly and without undue noise, accomplished much, and laid the foundations of an international code of arbitration which is to-day the principal basis for the deliberations of the Pan-American Congress.

The delegates in general are very reticent on this last subject, but it is generally known that the advocates of compulsory arbitration cannot possibly win the day, and a feeling is prevalent in the Congress that, after all, this method is not perhaps the wisest, according to the real standards of human nature. Some of the brightest minds believe that voluntary arbitration is even on a higher plane and will, in the course of time, be made compulsory by moral influence rather than by a system of obligatory treaties.

Nor can the United States consent to

THE BEST-KNOWN AMERICAN DELEGATE

W. I. Buchanan is speaking to Mrs. Duarte Pereira. The elderly gentleman going up the steps in front of Mr. Buchanan is the late Senhor Hyginio Duarte Pereira, Brazil.

From a snapshot taken for "The National"



DELEGATE LUIS E. CARBO, ECUADOR

From a snapshot taken for "The National"



compulsory arbitration; she stands in the same position as Chile does in this respect, but for different reasons, and it is not just that the odium should fall upon the latter if compulsory arbitration is not accepted by the Pan-American Congress. And it seems evident that there is a desire to find a "black sheep" somewhere in the Pan-American fold. Peru and her allies, Argentine, Bolivia and Paraguay, are accused of trying to place the responsibility upon the Yankees of South America. The project presented by the Mexican delegation on this important subject is undergoing considerable discussion, for it has its friends and its enemies; and the general tone of

the document is such as to establish a compromise between compulsory and voluntary arbitration.

While President Roosevelt's instructions to the United States delegates have not been made public, it is generally understood that, on matters pertaining to arbitration, they can go no further than The Hague Conference did; and it is believed that the deliberations of that great peace conference will be the basis for the accepted report of the committee on arbitration of the Pan-American Congress.

A very interesting excursion was organized by the Mexican government to the historic cities of Puebla and Ori-

zaba, respectively the capitals of the states of Puebla and Vera Cruz. On this trip the delegates had an opportunity of seeing something of the interior of Mexico, of visiting some of the new industries and of getting in touch with the local color of the country. They were absent from the City of Mexico over a week, and during this time a great many informal meetings were held and considerable headway was made in the preparation of the reports of the various committees.

Whatever may be the practical results of the Congress, another step in the right direction has been taken; each international gathering will be an improve-

ment on the former, all of them leaving an imprint for good, while results will be gradually attained. Nations move by decades and cycles, slowly reaching a higher degree of civilization and mutual self-respect.

John V. Noel

CITY OF MEXICO

INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES IN MEXICO

Typical Mexican Indian working at a designing machine which engraves the rolls from which the color printing is done, at Rio Blanco cotton mill, Orizaba. This illustration is particularly interesting because it shows an Indian boy, still wearing his "guaraches" (sandals), handling a modern mechanical device.

From a snapshot taken for "The National"



[EDITOR'S NOTE--Since Mr. Noel's letter was received the Congress has confirmed his forecast by adopting as its expression on arbitration an agreement substantially the same as that promulgated from The Hague. The arbitration idea might have fared better but for the facts that Argentine and Chile are at the point of war over boundaries, Colombia is having her semi-weekly revolution, and Germany is threatening to whip Venezuela by way of collecting a bill. Groups of German and American warships have been assembled near Venezuela, but no one seems to fear serious trouble.]

Our National Parks

AT last we have, within the compass of a single volume, an intelligible statement of Uncle Sam's wealth in the item of national parks. Aside from the fact that the irrigation movement is directing

attention toward the forest reserves and natural reservoirs of the Rockies, the demand for the creation of national parks in the northern pine-lands of Minnesota and in the lower Appalachians makes the new book timely. The book is entitled, "Our National Parks," and is

from the competent hand of John Muir, the Muir of the glaciers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have given the volume a dress esthetically suited to its theme, and the illustrations are clean-cut photographs of some of the natural wonders of these parks.

The parks are five in number, and bear the names, Yellowstone, Yosemite, Sequoia, General Grant and Mt. Rainier. The accompanying map shows their location, also the location of the great western forest reserves, in which the national government has made some belated efforts to save the noble aboriginal forests, natural water supplies, from extinction by devastating sheep

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM JOHN MUIR'S "OUR NATIONAL PARKS"
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston



herds, greedy and wasteful lumber sharks and other enemies of the public's interests in this particular. Mr. Muir gives his several chapters these titles: "The Wild Parks and Forest Reserves of the West," "The Yellowstone National Park," "The Forests of the Yosemite," "The Wild Gardens of the Yosemite National Park," "Among the Animals of the Yosemite," "Among the Birds of the Yosemite," "The Fountains and Streams of the Yosemite National Park,"

"The Sequoia and General Grant National Parks," and "The American Forests."

Just a taste of the text of the book—sufficient, we hope, to make you desire more:

"In calm Indian summer, when the heavy winds are hushed, the vast forests covering hill and dale rising and falling over the rough topography and vanishing in the distance, seem lifeless. No moving thing is seen as we climb the peaks,

and only the low, mellow murmur of falling water is heard, which seems to thicken the silence. Nevertheless, how many hearts with red blood in them are beating under cover of the woods, and how many teeth and eyes are shining. A multitude of animal people, intimately related to us, but of whose lives we know almost nothing, are as busy about their own affairs as we are about ours; beavers are building and mending dams and huts for winter, and storing them with food; bears are studying winter quarters as they stand thoughtful in open spaces, while the gentle breeze ruffles the long hair on their backs; elk and deer, assembling on the heights, are considering cold pastures where they will be farthest away from the wolves; squirrels and marmots are busily laying up provisions and lining their nests against com-

GIANT SEQUOIAS,

An illustration from John Muir's "Our National Parks," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

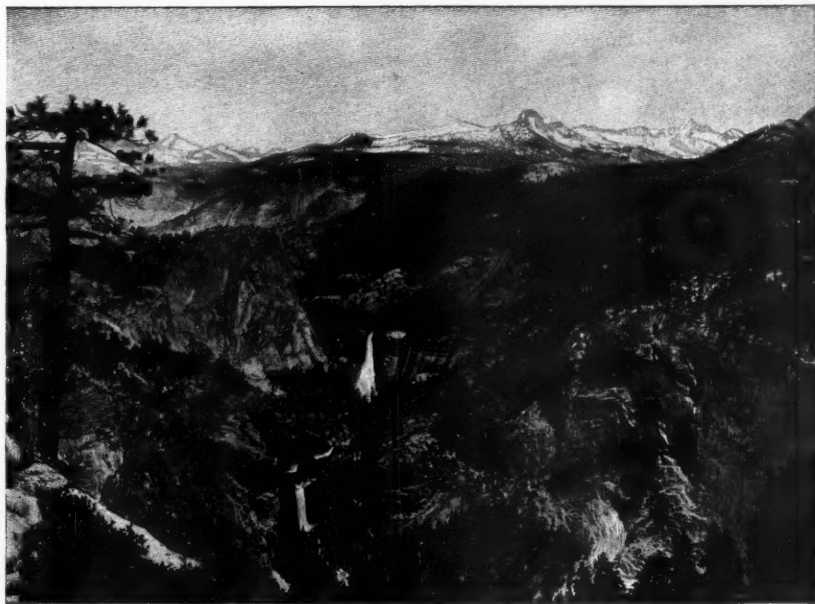


ing frost and cold foreseen; and countless thousands of birds are forming parties and gathering their young about them for flight to the southlands; while butterflies and bees, apparently with no thought of hard times to come, are hovering above the late-blooming goldenrods, and, with countless other insect folk, are dancing and humming right merrily in the sunbeams and shaking all the air into music."

Here you may learn the truth concerning trees the mightiest now to be found

YOSEMITE PARK FROM GLACIER POINT

An illustration from John Muir's "Our National Parks," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



on the globe, forty feet in diameter and four thousand years old, trees that were past middle age when the Babe was born in the manger of Bethlehem, and that are still as sturdy and strong, apparently, as in that far-off time; you may learn of the birds which for thousands of generations have nested in the tops of these forest giants, hundreds of feet above the ground, a veritable yearly blossoming of song; here—now that, following the lead

of the President, we are all studying the water sources of the arid West, you may learn what provision nature has made to enable man to irrigate the vast waste stretches of the one-time "Great American Desert," soon to be a desert no more, but the home of happy and contented millions.

Mr. Muir's chapter on "The American Forests" is a perspective—physical and historical—and a plea for more of federal intervention to preserve the trees.

He says truly that though God has preserved the best and greatest of these trees through centuries against lightning, flood and earthquakes, He cannot save them from the pestiferous vandalism of man. "Only Uncle Sam," the naturalist declares, "can do that." Not the least of the public services of John Muir, the tireless pioneer and explorer, is the making of this large-viewed, far-sighted book, "Our National Parks." *Arthur McIlroy*

"Wild Life Near Home"

NO member of "The National's" contributing staff has a larger or more loyal following among "National" readers than Dallas Lore Sharp. His "Old Testament Romances" revealed him as the possessor of a style easy and graceful. It is with keen delight that we call the attention of our readers to Mr. Sharp's new book, "Wild Life Near Home," which the Century Company has sent out attired in a dress of exquisite beauty. Not Thoreau, nor Burroughs, nor Chapman, nor Seton-Thompson—none of our nature students indeed, has done a more pleasing work than "Wild Life Near Home." Here is none of the preaching that made us yawn over certain pages of Burroughs and Thoreau, none of the fairy-book idealizing of the wild folk that characterizes Seton-Thompson's stories—just the simplest, homeliest, most sympathetic chronicles of the birds, the wee four-footed creatures and the water folk in their own proper persons.

To see the handsome volume, with its wealth of illustrations from the deft and truthful pen and brush of Bruce Horsfall, is to desire to possess it; to read the brief colorful sketches is to add the book to that small list which every book-lover, even in these busy days, sets aside for re-reading. By the courtesy of the publishers, we

are enabled to reproduce herewith some of the illustrations of the book. Could anything be more delightfully reminiscent of boyhood experiences in country by-ways than the picture of the "Two little brown creatures washing calamus?" Could anything make stronger appeal to the sensibilities of youth than the "Seven young ones in the nest?"

Mr. Sharp is no mere fair-weather naturalist. He has tramped the fields in winter storms to learn the ways of his tiny friends, and has drawn from a retentive memory great store of quaint and pleasing episodes in the lives of the wood-people. The sketches run around the year, through spring, summer, fall and winter. Suited to this season are the notes on "Birds' Winter Beds." "A storm," Mr. Sharp writes, "had been raging from the northeast all day. Toward evening the wind strengthened to a gale, and the fine, icy snow swirled and drifted over the frozen fields.

"I lay a long time listening to the wild symphony of the winds, thankful for the roof over my head, and wondering how the hungry, homeless creatures out of doors would pass the night. Where do the birds sleep such nights as this? Where in this bitter cold, this darkness and storm, will they make their beds? The lark that broke from the snow at my feet as I crossed the pasture his afternoon—

"SEVEN YOUNG ONES IN THE NEST"

Copyright, 1901, by THE CENTURY CO.



FROM "WILD LIFE NEAR HOME."

*"What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
An' close thy e'e?"*

"It is easy to account for our winter birds during the day. Along about noon, when it is warm and bright, you will

find the sparrows, chickadees, and gold finches searching busily among the bushes and weeds for food, and the crows and jays scouring the fields. But what about them during the dark? Where do they pass the long winter nights?

"TWO LITTLE BROWN CREATURES WASHING CALAMUS"

Copyright, 1901, by THE CENTURY CO.



FROM "WILD LIFE NEAR HOME."

"Why, they have nests," you say. Yes, they had nests in the summer, and then, perhaps, one of the parent birds may be said to have slept in the nest during the weeks of incubation and rearing of the young. But nests are cradles, not beds, and are never used by even the young birds after the day they leave them. Muskrats build houses, foxes have holes, and squirrels sleep in true nests; but of the birds it can be said, 'they have not where to lay their heads.' They sleep upon their feet in the grass, in hollow trees, and among the branches; but at best, such a bed is no more than a roost. A large part of the year this roost is new every night, so that the question of a sleeping place during the winter is most serious.

"The cheerful little gold finches, that bend the dried rag-weeds and grass stalks down and scatter their chaff over the snow, sleep in the thick cedars and

pin. These warm, close-limbed evergreens I have found to be the lodging houses of many of the smaller winter birds—the fox-colored sparrows, snow birds, cross-bill and sometimes of the chickadee, though he usually tuck shis little black cap under his wing in a woodpecker's hole.

"The meadow-larks always roost upon the ground. They creep well under the grass, or if the wind is high and it snows they squat close to the ground behind a tuft of grass or thick bush and sleep while the cold white flakes fall about them. They are often covered before the morning; and when housed thus from the wind and hidden from prowling enemies, no bird could wish for a cozier, warmer, softer bed. But what a lonely bed it is! Nothing seems so utterly homeless and solitary as a meadow-lark after the winter nightfall."

Mr. Sharp's book is not a manual: there is nothing in it that you are obliged to remember in order to "complete a set of facts"—it is a series of strolls down summer lanes, rambles in winter woods and watchful walks under autumn moons, with eyes and ears open; it is a book of tones and colors. The author discusses "In Persimmon-Time," "Some Snug Winter Beds," "A Bird of the Dark," "The Pine Tree Swift," "Mus'rattin'," "A Study in Bird Morals," "Rab-

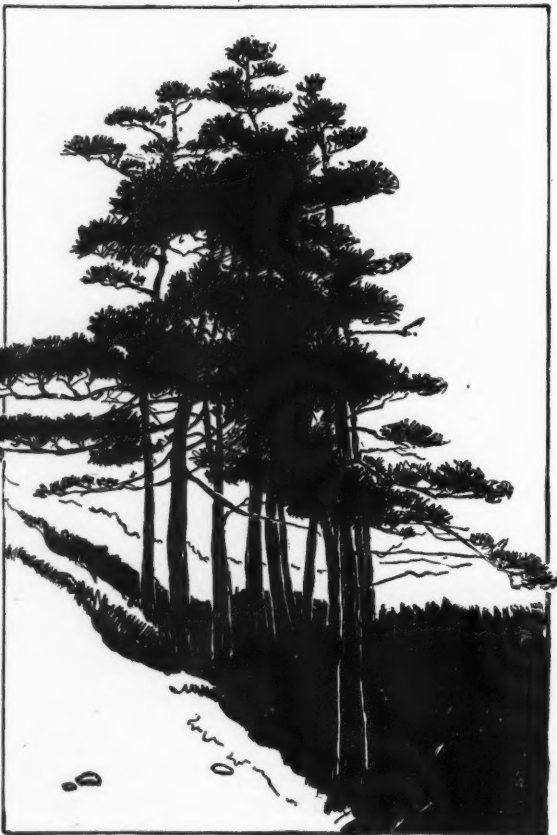
bit Roads," "From River-ooze to Tree-top," "A Buzzard's Banquet," "Up Herring Run," and so on and so on.

A list of the best books of 1901, for general reading, should include Markham's "Lincoln," Riley's "Farm Rhymes," and McGaffey's "Sonnets To A Wife," in poetry; Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "Lazarre," in fiction; Scudder's "James Russell Lowell," in biography; Lyman Abbott's "The Rights of Man," in economics; in nature study, Mr. Sharp's "Wild Life Near Home."

Frank Putnam

"IT WAS ONE OF THOSE CATHEDRAL-LIKE CLUMPS"

Copyright, 1901, by THE CENTURY CO.



PHASES OF THE WORLD'S AFFAIRS

A GROUP OF UNCLE SAM'S LITTLE SEA TERRIERS, TORPEDO BOATS AND DESTROYERS, IN THE NAVY YARD AT BROOKLYN
From a photograph taken by Enrique Muller for "The National"



THE GOVERNMENT'S PHOTOGRAPH OF A CYCLONE

This is the picture—a bona fide photograph of that terror of the Mississippi valley, the cyclone. This one was snap-shotted by a daring fellow in the United States Geological Survey at a time when most men, more enthusiastic for self-preservation than for science, would have been crawling for shelter.



The Treasure of Half Moon Island

By HENRY RIGHTOR

CHAPTER II

THE moon being high and clear, so that one might almost have read by its light, we refrained from lighting the lantern while we tramped along shore looking for the mahogany log. Marrero led the way with a spade over his shoulder and I followed close on his heels with another spade and a canvas bag of giant powder. The breeze blew in fairly from the open so that the beach was clear of pests save for a few sand flies, and we plodded along merrily enough, stumbling over the matted roots of the marsh plants, Marrero in high spirits singing a stave of that jolly old song he loved so well:

*When I was a pirate in the Carib Sea
All the little Caribs were a-loving me;
I'd sit on the shore down in Ramatilla Bay,
And I'd hug 'em all and kiss 'em till we
sailed away—*

When I was a pirate in the Carib Sea.

All the time he sang, a million creatures, far and near, kept up a weird orchestral accompaniment to his words, Marrero, in his whimsical way, adapting himself to the cadence which they compelled, and stopping to laugh, with the naive delight of a child, when the gurgling bass of some old alligator came in with peculiar appropriateness.

"Excepting for steel clinking or pistols popping or the ripping of sails, there's the music for me," exclaimed Marrero, waving his hand over the vague, gray island where all those slim, sly creatures were raising their elfin voices, and then all of a sudden stepped on a snake, which I could see gliding shining-black away from him and, following it with his

spade uplifted, fell headlong into a clump of mangroves. I lit the lantern hastily and followed him, thinking he had been bitten, but when I came up with him there he was sitting on a log, laughing, his pocket knife out.

"Hold the lantern up," he said and scratched at the log with the blade, and then, the next moment, looked up at me with his face all radiant. "Here's the log," said he, "with the tereda tracings upon it or I'm much mistaken, and it's a much easier find than I had thought. Fairly in the bight of the bay," and with that he fell to beating the bushes away with his spade on the seaward side while I did the same with the thinner growth on my side.

By the light of the lantern we compared the fish-skin tracing with the marks on the log, and there they were just as they had been a half century before, excepting that the log had shifted slightly, probably from the forcing of roots under it, and there were some things in view that were not down on the drawing made by Gambio's Portuguese ship's boy.

With the aid of a compass, we paced off twice the length of the log northeast from the average shore line at that point, figuring that the waves had doubtless brought the log in that way, and then, in a very business-like manner, set to digging a little beyond that point, at a distance of six feet apart, opposite each other, calculating on working a trench down toward the log till we found what we were looking for. It is extraordinary what a spur to the energies digging for treasure is. We worked like stokers, singing and laughing, but we came to

with a dismayed stare at each other when we struck compacted rotten shells something more than a foot beneath the surface. "Giant powder," said Marrero laconically and when I brought it up, "Give me a lift with this root," said he, and we tugged away at a root which had wormed its way down through the shells in search of fresh water, until it came out with a sudden break and we fell, laughing and perspiring, on top of each other.

We poured powder into the place where the root had been, rammed it home with a cane reed, put in fuse and wadding of earth and then, having lit it, ran away down the beach to await the explosion. Presently there was a burst of fire and smoke and a tremendous detonation and we ran back to see the result of our effort. Looking out to sea as we ran along the beach, I saw a light flare up in the schooner's cabin, and forms moving round on deck, and then I fancied I heard a far splash which I laid to some frightened gar. When we came up to the place, there was the earth all torn up and a yawning chasm in the ground, and a great solid mass of shell like a hewn rock for building, thrown up in the shadow of the mahogany log. We went through the rent with our lanterns, examining the sides and bottom closely, and looking at the debris thrown round on all sides but we could find nothing.

"We must find another root and try again," said Marrero and went to looking for one, when my eyes fell on something glinting sharply in the moonlight, and I called to him to bring over the lantern. The thing proved to be a little sliver of decayed wood with a brass brad stuck into it. Marrero leaped for joy.

"No accident about that," he exclaimed. "Old Gambio's chest is lying somewhere in or about this very hole we've just blasted," and, like bloodhounds, we began running 'round and

through the treasure hole with our noses close to the ground. A half hour of this brought us nothing. We stopped and looked at each other.

"That rotten oak with the brad in it came from somewhere," I said, looking at him doubtfully, "This is not one of your jokes, Marrero?"

"Jokes!" he exclaimed, slapping at the mosquitoes which by this had descended upon us in clouds, "Is this a time for joking? Come on! We can at all events blast away some of these mosquitoes", and he made for the place where I had set down the powder bag.

At this juncture an idea hit me like a knife. It was strange neither of us had thought of it before.

"Marrero," I called out cheerily, "We're a brace of dunces. If there's any treasure chest at all, it's in that block of shells there thrown up near the log, doubtless on the under side with a corner protruding where this splinter was whipped off by the jar."

"Why of course it is," replied Marrero, running back. "Come over with it!"

"We tugged at the great block in vain.

"To think of a safety vault out here in the salt marshes!" laughed Marrero. "Well, open she goes with Johnny Spit-fire!" and, finding a kind of fissure in the block, we loaded in our powder, set the fuse and again ran down the beach. As we ran off, I looked back over my shoulder, as a man will, and I saw the bushes waving on the other side of the hole, and knew very well that there was either some large animal or a man running away from the impending explosion. I mentioned it to Marrero as we ran and told him of the splash I had heard off the schooner after the first explosion, and gave it as my opinion that some member of the crew had swum ashore and was watching us from cover. At that Marrero, who had been quiet and gentle and self-contained so far, fell into one of his savage moods which I knew

bode ill for anyone who should be caught spying upon us.

As soon as the explosion had passed we ran back. The block had been shattered into fragments, and, there, in the midst of it all, broken wide open and with all of one side gone, was a great treasure chest that a strong man might hardly carry, with all manner of coins and ingots pouring out of it. We sat down on the ground in the midst of the smoke with the lantern throwing its yellow light upon the treasure, and swept it up into our hands without saying a word as children have been seen to play with sand.

Now, though I do not believe in witches and spells and those other weird things that so many people have gone mad over, I hold that there was some evil fate attaching to that treasure from the start, for this bloody thing I shall tell of happened before a man might have counted two hundred after we had found the treasure. We were wrapt in astonishment and admiration of what we had found, as I have said, and Marrero, trying one of the coins to see what manner of gold it might be, was scratching it with his dagger and just telling me it was soft yellow gold from Chili, when I saw a faint moon shadow fall under his arm and looking up beheld the Sicilian, Spagnolo, crouching dagger in hand, his face all lit up with the hideous lust of treasure.

"Behind you, quick!" I whispered hoarsely to Marrero, and it was marvelous how quickly he understood.

He fell forward on his face, pulled his legs up after him, and in a flash was on his feet and had turned and driven his dagger to the hilt in the Sicilian's shoulder. The man went down like a log with his own weapon still held aloft and the maniac look stamped on his face like a plaster cast. I believe he died immediately. I hope so, for the man was mad and irresponsible and Marrero had killed

him as any one would a mad dog.

"Well poor fellow, I'm sorry; but it was his own fault and I couldn't help it," said Marrero, and walked down to the white sand at the edge of the water and stuck the dagger blade down into it to clean off the blood, and then with the dead man lying there under the moon, we lifted up the broken old treasure chest and carried it down to the skiff which we brought up, and then took the coin and ingots in our hats and hands and carried the pieces down to the skiff and threw them in like so much common luggage. I can make no estimate of how much we may have left scattered round the scar in the ground and tramped into the muck, but it must have been a good sum, though neither of us has ever had the disposition to go back and look it up, with the memory of that wild, white face lying there among the mangroves staring up at the moon.

With the treasure in the skiff's nose, and the dead man stiffening across the stern, we rowed back to the "Salvador Russo." There was a black spot growing down in the west as we rowed out and the water as calm and white as a pail of milk. Beyond the schooner, on the headland of a little sand island in the far distance, we saw the glare of a bonfire thrown up against the sky and a lone figure crossing and recrossing in front of it. On the schooner itself all was quiet. The crew was evidently fast asleep, and the single white light swung from the topping-lift glimmered feebly on the men wrapped in their blankets. It was a curious cargo to be bringing aboard a licensed and registered schooner in the dead of night not a hundred miles from a great city.

As we drew near the schooner, the chug-chug of the oars awoke the captain and he came heartily aft and stood under the light, awaiting us and jovially answered our hail.

"He'll pipe to another tune when he

sees that," remarked Marrero nodding over the oars at the ghastly thing in the stern, "And speaking of piping, there's a nasty gale coming out of the west," and just then a puff of wind caught the schooner and threw her round like a teetotum, crashing us into the stern.

Marrero who was nearest the bow had shipped his oars on the instant and was on his feet clutching the schooner's rail.

"Get your men up, quick!" he called out to the captain in that sharp, commanding tone he knew so well, "And get these things aboard," and at that, as a cloud flew by the moon, the captain caught sight of what was in the stern sheets and drew back.

"No time for melodrama," cried out Marrero throwing up the painter. "Up with this and we'll explain afterward. There's the first bad blow of the season coming on, and with that anchor of yours on this shell bottom, you'll be driven ashore before you can get a jib up and round the point. Cheerily now!" And at that the captain, with a pale, puzzled face kicked his men up, and the corpse and bursted treasure chest were taken aboard amid a bewildered and excited Sicilian chatter.

The wind by this was already shrieking and howling about us, the waves bursting into white, and, as we flew past the island under a single jib, we could see the grass lying flat to the east in terror. And still on that little island off our quarter I could see the growing flames of the bonfire whipped far out over the maddened water and a tall solitary form standing on the white sand like a ghost.

Marrero and I together carried the chest and its loosened contents back to the cabin, and then, when all was snug, went forward where the captain stood looking out over the sea, and confronted him. One of the crew, the Austrian, Malovitch, was amidships, crawling about on his hands and knees. Marandino, the Sicilian, was at the helm.

"You'd better throw that overboard," said Marrero to the captain, pointing at the body of Spagnolo lying in the lee of the cabin, "It's no good aboard here and it's bad luck to have those things about in a gale."

The captain indicated curtly enough that no body would leave his vessel in fair weather or foul until his mind was satisfied as to the manner in which it came to its death.

"Very well," answered Marrero with equal curtness, "as you please. This is no time for explanations," and his words were justified by a terrific clap of thunder mingled with crackling sulphurous shafts of lightning. In the midst of this, the schooner veered and hesitated, careering this way and that with full or flapping jib, and finally set off for shore like a mad thing. And, as I peered through the inky night, I saw that we were rushing down as if drawn by some mysterious influence, toward that sandy headland where the flames flew out over the sea, and the lone white form stood in the blinding rain and lightning.

For one moment, the moon peeped out, and, in that second I saw the two sailors crawling upon the deck, their mouths filled with the moldy coins dropped from the treasure chest, their hands clutching convulsively at shadows and realities. They must have both got their hands on some piece of the cursed stuff at the same moment, for I heard muffled oaths and protests through the gold stuffed into their mouths, and the next moment they were on their feet with knives drawn, and, as a blinding flash of lightning came, I heard those unforgivable words which no Sicilian will tolerate, burst from the lips of the Austrian.

"*Cornuto!*" he shrieked in a horrible, rolling, frenzied way and I knew thereafter they were fighting to the death. Nothing reached me but heavy sudden breathings as of men driving axes into wood, but I knew that every breath

meant the blow of a dagger. After that, in the fury of the gale I could guess nothing of how the affair had terminated.

Meanwhile, Marrero and I, holding on to cleats and ropes and rail, the captain had staggered to the tiller and thrown it down hard just as we were running onto the island. The schooner scraped the shallows off the point and rounded out into the open, not a moment too soon, the scud from the surf beating into our faces like whips.

Now the strangest part of this nightmare voyage I hold to have been this which follows. I say it as a chronicler, though you may take it or leave it as you will. As we ground off the shallows, the flames of the bonfire, which had been so flat on the beach as to give no light, flew up of a sudden with a flaw in the wind, and in that moment I saw the Voodoo negress, Wayadi, running down the point of the island into the surf, holding something in her hand which I took to have been a charm. No man knows what power these savage witches have, but, as I sit here writing, with no other purpose than that of putting these strange things down of record in my clumsy way, I assert that for two hours, through the wildest gale I have ever seen in those waters, we rounded and rounded that little island, always seeing that fire throwing its red banners out over the sea, and that pallid form standing there knee deep in the surf, staring out at us, with those white, cannibal teeth gleaming in the light.*

Marrero is one of the most rational men I have ever known, but as we careered round and round that island in ever narrowing circles, the uncanniness of the thing, to say nothing of the posi-

tive if inexplicable danger that menaced us grew upon him and I could see in his face, whenever it showed in the lightning flashes, the growing of a purpose.

"Hendry," he said to me as we were tossed about, "You'll not say I'm superstitious?"

"No," I answered briefly, not understanding his drift.

"And you've never seen me give in to high or low?"

"No, Marrero," I said again, "we've been up and down in close places but I have not known you to give in."

"Never to a Guinea negress of a witch?"

"Never, Marrero," I said, smiling despite myself at the curious mingling of challenge and appeal in his voice.

"Well, then," he said, coming closer to me and pointing out toward the headland, "I give in for once! I don't understand this business. A man can't buck against the supernatural, Hendry, and this is a bad gale, and if we ground on this side of the island, as we likely will when we do, there's little chance of our getting ashore with the wind setting as it does."

"Yes," I said, waiting.

"Well then, I give up because I won't fight devils or sea monsters or anything I don't understand."

"Yes," I said again, knowing very well what was coming.

"Over with the treasure! There's a curse on it!"

"Done!" I cried and we staggered to the cabin and brought the ponderous, bursting chest with its moldy treasure to the deck.

The captain saw us as we came up and guessed our purpose. He left the tiller like one bewitched, his eyes following the chest, and I saw stealing into his face that same mad look that had been upon the other three men who had gone to their deaths. As we lifted the box over the side he came close up to us and

* I can only account for that strange circling of Grass Island by the schooner "Salvador Russo" in this manner: that some enormous whirlwind had centered over the island and that the schooner had got into its outer rim, as you will sometimes see chips and bits of paper going 'round when a storm is brewing. It might be laid to some spell of the voodoo, but I think it was only this that I have said.

hissed in our ears: "What are you going to do?"

"This!" cried Marrero to him, and "Heave!" to me, and down through the black night and into the unseeable waters went the treasure chest of Half Moon Island.

"The captain sprang forward. With the madness on him he was leaping after the chest into the hungry, blind sea.

"No!" cried Marrero, "Too many have gone after it already, and with that he braced himself against the tiller, throwing the schooner's nose out to sea, and dealt the captain a blow that sent him sheer and bumping down the steps of the companion-way into the cabin.

At that moment the point of the little island came into view on our starboard quarter and I saw the driving flames of the fire falling lower and lower and the lone white form of Wayadi, the Voodoo, wading into shore with her garments flying about her until she looked like some wicked winged monster of the sea.

Wayadi still lives in the rain-stained hut among the tangle of wild figs, but to this day neither Marrero nor I have been able to learn how she came to Grass Island that stormy night, nor what manner of spell she lay upon the "Salvador Russo" that it might only be broken by throwing back into the sea the wicked, blood-stained treasure.



La Naissance et Mort

I.

WITH the dawn a sail comes over the bar,
 And the seas are calm and the sky is clear;
 From the mist-wreathed shores of the land afar,
 Through shadowy depths, unto things that are,
 It has come to anchor here;
 Where the beacon lights of the harbor shine,
 In the tender loving of true hearts tried;
 In the prayer that the Pilot hand Divine,
 Through calm and through tempest, the course will guide
 Of this strange, small bark from the other side,
 Drifting in with the tide.

II.

With the night a ship goes over the bar,
 And the seas are dark and the sky is drear,
 With never a rift, nor glimmer of star,
 For the light that is shining beyond, afar,
 Is hid by a shadow near;
 And though hearts may break, and though eyes grow dim,
 And the glance o'er the moaning waters wide
 May strain to the vision's utmost rim,
 Yet the bark—unstayed—o'er the deeps will glide,
 And the gathering shade her course will hide,
 Drifting out with the tide.

Beatrice Harlowe

Indoor and Out Papers

I.

By NIXON WATERMAN

IT is one of those clear, crisp, winter mornings which always make such beautiful pictures when framed with the sash which surrounds my library window, and viewed from the warm side of the pane. Just without, the snow that fell during the night covers, as with a blanket, the weather-stained shingles of the piazza roof. Across the valley, the chimneys of the houses nestling against the wooded hillside, are sending up slender columns of white smoke, so soon dissipated in the still air. Clinging to the dead but not yet departed leaves of the clematis vine covering the trellis at the arbor's end, are innumerable snowy pendants which serve as a happy reminder of the drift of bloom that made the whole neighborhood fragrant during a fortnight of the later summer.

As I have been sitting here on the window-seat viewing the whitened landscape, and waiting for a theme worth writing upon to announce itself to my mind, I have idly permitted my pen to give expression to some of the phases of the scene without.

A Winter Morn

A WINTER morn: The snow lies white,—

Earth's garment, woven in the night.

Above the purple wooded hills

The sun steals up and softly spills
Adown the vale his golden light.

Like phantoms of the azure height
Frail cloud-forms in their filmy flight

Seem gazing on the grace that fills

A winter morn.

Athwart the land in vesture bright

The river seeks its course to write.

Hushed are the brooks whose vernal
trills

Shall wake the golden daffodils
To happy fields that now invite

A winter morn.

AS I contemplate the snowy picture presenting itself to my view I am impressed with the thought, as I have been on other occasions, that in its moments of musing and introspection the mind loves to divert and to entertain itself by indulging in contrasts. The brain of the hungry, homeless mortal conjures up pictures of princely palaces with downy beds, and banqueting boards burdened with bread and meat and wine. The unfortunate occupant of a prison cell refreshes himself with visions of unrestrained liberty. And so I, with winter all about me, ramble retrospectively to the piazza of a quiet summer hotel, where during long afternoons I elaborated and classified the notes I made on my daily morning tours undertaken for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the home life and habits of the birds found in the surrounding forests.

The possessor of a fault-finding disposition assures us that there is nothing perfect in this world and that our happiness is never complete. What he says may be true, still there are many things which to me seem about right. On a summer afternoon when heat-waves are in evidence across the open, sun-swept places, it has occurred to me that an easy rocking-chair on a broad, cool, shady piazza is capable of arousing in the mind of its occupant a feeling quite akin to perfect content.

The lazily-stirring air came with a

balsamy fragrance from the pine woods half encircling the hill on which stood the hotel. In the advertisement which had attracted me to that particular spot, the hill to which I have referred was spoken of as a "mountain," and the "balsamy fragrance from the pine woods" was set forth in larger type than that employed to enumerate some other features and advantages of the locality which, no doubt, the hotel proprietor considered of less drawing power and importance. While riding in the "hack" from the railway station to the hotel I thought I discovered that the mountain was only a hill, after all; still, I was not disposed to take on an injured feeling because I had been misled. With so many people of this world going about making mountains of molehills, it should not surprise us when a summer hotel proprietor fashions one out of any fairly respectable elevation of land. And to some the hill was truly a mountain, as I discovered later. The portly, past-middle-aged gentleman from Baltimore, whose young wife was very fond of hill-climbing, always spoke of it as being a mountain, and usually with an accompaniment of hard breathing that half convinced me he was right.

As a matter of fact, no word has precisely the same meaning for any two persons or in any two localities. In a city located as is Chicago, on a tract of land so level, for the greater part, that after a hard rain the water scarcely knows which way to run until directed by a policeman or it sees the indications set up by the drainage board, any slight elevation of land is sure to have its unusual feature greatly magnified, especially if it is included in a tract which some enterprising real estate agent is plotting as a new addition to the city. A little mound that marks the spot where a cart-load or two of garbage was deposited away back in the early days, is likely to be known, later on, as the "Alpine Heights" or the

"Mountain View" addition. In a city like Boston, where the surroundings are rolling if not absolutely tumbling, enough of naturally level land to accommodate a croquet ground will, as the city expands, sometime supply a name for the "Pleasant Plain" or the "Meadow-field" suburban station.

One afternoon, while in a confidential mood, I made known my sage conclusions regarding the local or personal significance of words to a lady from Boston, to whom I had been introduced and with whom I sometimes chatted on the hotel piazza. She happily agreed with me that "what is one man's hill is another man's mountain." I thought well of her for so doing. She impressed me with her broad-mindedness and her willingness to make allowances for the mental bias of others. However, each of us is said to have his or her own pet bias and this lady from Boston had hers, as we shall see presently.

Bishop Hall tells us that "moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." All the world knows that "too much of a good thing" is as bad as too little. There is little doubt but that a good, broad, wholesome patriotism is a commendable sentiment. Scott tells us what end should overtake the man who doesn't love his native land.

*"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,*

This is my own, my native land!

*Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned*

From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentered all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down,

*To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."*

But a patriotism that blinds our eyes to vices in ourselves and to the virtues of others is unworthy of us. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," might be applied also to communities, states and nations. The right-minded derive high pleasure in thinking there are other good countries and flags and peoples. Patriotism is a good thing if it is not piled on too thick in spots. A Chicagoan may frankly tell you that you are losing valuable time if you live elsewhere than in his city. His mental attitude is the result of too much Chicago. A New Yorker publicly proclaims it that when you get a few miles outside of New York City you really cease to live and are simply camping out. That is the result of too much New York. A Bostonian says nothing and you understand his meaning perfectly. You realize that he is not saying whole volumes to you and you are powerless to dispute a word of it. You have a feeling that he is pitying you because you do not know that Boston is all there is. He has found in you a dangerously ignorant person and he reasons, perhaps, that the less said the better. He will not talk back and how can we ever get even with the man who will persist in holding his tongue? The man who refuses to talk back should be put into prison for fomenting and inciting quarrels with the more garrulous and peaceably disposed citizens. But associate with a Bostonian long enough, and some day he will break the silence and tell you what he has already lived upon you in a hundred ways regarding the superlative excellence of his city.

Believing that I possessed a mentality of sufficient calibre to receive a great truth, the Boston lady, when assured that I came of a family reaching back to the "Mayflower," (as a matter of fact my family lineage runs clear back to the Ark!) one day told me there was no city

in the Western Hemisphere, other than hers, worth considering, and that she had expressed her thoughts on the subject in some verses, a copy of which, neatly penned on pale blue, faintly perfumed paper, she hesitatingly gave me.

Right 'Round Boston

RIGHT 'round Boston, seems to me,
Everybody must agree—
Living right 'round here since birth—
Is the only spot on earth.
Don't care where you choose to go,
There's no other place, I know,
Half so proper-like and nice
As right 'round this Paradise.

Right 'round Boston's where you find
People of the broadest mind;
Folks who never care to go
Roaming 'round the world and, so,
Staying right 'round here, you see,
They retain their purity,
Viewing with a sense of scorn
Those not right 'round Boston born.
Once I went away out West
To the Hudson! Felt distressed
Just to get back East again,
Right 'round Boston where the men
And the women whom you meet,
In their homes or in the street,
Somehow make you understand
Right 'round here's the chosen land.

'Tis a joy to know right 'round
Boston proper may be found
All of earth and sky and sea
Nature planned as it should be.
Can't see why the human race
Tries to dwell some other place
With a foot of land to spare
Right 'round Boston anywhere.
Other towns may spread and grow,
People right 'round here won't know
Aught about their flare and fuss—
Right 'round here's enough for us.

* * *

I've no doubt the Bye-and-Bye
Will be pleasing to the eye

Yet I'm sure it won't be near
'S nice as right 'round Boston here.

WHEN I had finished reading her verses she attempted to offer something like an apology for the almost sacrilegious character and tone of the last four lines, but I assured her that if all I had heard lifelong residents of Boston say regarding their city was true, she need not retreat or modify a single word. On returning from my retrospective ramble, I find that while I have been chatting on the piazza of the summer hotel, the sky has become overcast and it is snowing lightly. As I watch the falling flakes, I find my thoughts questioning if, after all the charming things that have been written of the snow, it is really beautiful? With the aid of the microscope we may study the marvelously interesting crystals formed from the aqueous vapor in the air. The hexagonal, star-shaped bits of ice which singly in their minute parts are transparent but in the aggregate diffuse and scatter the light until they appear to be of perfect whiteness, are to me more wonderful than beautiful. The beauty of the fragrant rose needs no interpretation. The snowy drift would lose such charm as it may possess but for the thought that shining beyond it are the golden buttercups. Is not the winter tolerable because after it comes the spring? No ice crystal is ever so beautiful but that its charm might be enhanced by melting it into a dew drop, were such a transformation possible, and placing it on the petal of a flower. I like the winter for the many things it offers for our diversion and entertainment, indoors and out, but at bottom it is a negative kind of liking; I like it because it leads to better things. Winter is the death that precedes the resurrection of spring, and its beauty is the beauty of the still, cold clay, the sight of which would break the heart but for the hope of life and joy beyond. I like the man who

likes the winter just as I admire the brave child willing to take the bitter medicine that it may become well and happy. There is never a winter day so dreary but dreary thinking can make it drearier, and if there is ever a time when we should try to have summer in our hearts and in our words and faces it is when there is winter all about us.

So many aged people and those past middle life have said that when the first snow of the winter comes they intuitively call over in their minds the names of all the dear ones upon whose graves the flakes must fall. With the coming of the snow it seems as if the children who have wandered away into the vales of silence should all be called in from the path of the storm and made safe and snug in the home nest. And the dear old grandfather and grandmother—ah! they were sadly missed during the golden days of summer, but not as we miss them when, with the coming of the long winter evenings, we see the gleam from the open fireplace falling upon a well-worn chair, now vacant, at the chimney side. The evening lamp has not yet been lighted and amid the shadowy surrounding we do not try to restrain the tear that is the outward evidence of the momentary devotion paid to the ones who have gone before.

A shout of boyish voices in the street rouses me from my meditation. A bevy of red-cheeked bright-eyed youths are on their way to the coasting hill. How happy they seem as they plough their way through the snow! Yes, and how forgetful, for there is missing from their number one who was a leader in their sports only a year ago. It is kind that the sorrows of life lay hold so lightly on the thoughts of youth!

The Little Red Sled

IT snows! And a bevy of rollicking boys
Are shouting their glee in the street;
My heart, as it joins in their jubilant joys,

Starts up with a livelier beat.
 But all in a breath it is heavy as lead
 And speaks in a sorrowful tone
 As I think, with a sigh, of a little red sled
 That is up in the attic, alone.
 Oh, that little red sled and the tales it
 could tell,
 With the races it won for a theme,
 Ere the little boy captain who guided it
 well,
 Had wandered away in a dream.
 More swift than the wings of the wind
 was the flight
 Down the long, curving courses they
 sped,
 While he drank from the cup of youth's
 purest delight,
 Did the boy on that little red sled.
 As it harks to his playfellows merrily
 shout
 The little red sled must know

It is time the good captain came, sturdy
 and stout,
 To welcome the coming of snow.
 Is it wondering why he is waiting so long
 To portion his play with the rest,—
 That boy who was first in the frolicsome
 throng
 And whose sled was the fleetest and
 best?

I know that good captain, wherever he is,
 Could I hark to his whisper would say
 'Tis his pleasure that marvelous racer of
 his
 Shall join in the joys of the day.
 I shall lead it where greetings are lusty
 and loud,
 Where brawn and where beauty are
 bred,—
 To the bravest and comeliest boy in the
 crowd
 Shall be given that little red sled.



Beneath the Surface

'TIS not exactly what you say
 That makes me gloomy many a day,
 But rather how you say it, dear,
 That often makes me doubt and fear.

The words you say are naught to me,
 Though fraught with lyric melody;
 There's something back of words, I know,
 That causes joy or causes woe.

Believe me, when the heart is wrong,
 Though you may sing a master's song,
 A something tells me very soon,
 Your heart and voice are not in tune.

Oh, first make right your secret heart,
 And then, oh, then, your lyric art
 Will overflow in song to me,
 And thrill my soul with ecstasy.

Ernest Powell

On a Drive Out Cambridge way

By *FRANK PUTNAM*

MY friend he drove me Cambridge-way, where men of learning dwell,
And much of curious interest my friend he had to tell;

Much, too, that struck me wonder-wise, my friend he had to show:
The house where Lowell lived and sang a-many years ago;

The Elm (still strong to face the storms that sweep this wintry land)
Beneath whose shade George Washington assumed supreme command;

A statue of John Harvard (who, I understand, is dead)—
The same, my friend informed me, that was lately painted red.

But stranger far than even these a simple slab of stone,
Whereof the plain inscription the pleasant fact made known

That there, upon a pleasant day in this our era's morn,
The wise and witty Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat, was born.

That new sensations struck me dumb, my comrade will attest;
I ne'er had seen the like before, in my beloved West.

Our poets toil and sing and die and go their lonely ways,
And none among us unto them the least attention pays;

We do not even know the spots wherein their bodies rest—
We're so all-fired busy in the big and bounding West.

A. Field, who lays the lash on us, we welcome to our boards,
That in such wise we may abate the acid of his words;

A Riley wins the women's hearts with his delightful rhymes—
But these are the exceptions to the spirit of the times.

Our tablets mark such places of historic pride as that
Whereon our first immortal hog gave up his soul—and fat;

And where (to show the richness of our celebrated soil)
The hustling Doctor Harper struck his famous vein of oil.

We find there is no money in our artists and our bards,
Wherefore we set up tablets in the oil-field and the Yards.

Studies of Books and Their Makers

The World's Foremost Living Author

"DEAR Editor," writes Edith F. Peters of 53 Freeport street, Dorchester, Mass., "the literary contests are very interesting and I hasten to contribute my mite. While American by a long line of ancestors, yet I feel, despite pride and patriotism, that, given the world as a ground to choose from, I must select an European. I don't think, in some lines of literature, we have the 'foremost' writers. Certainly in socialism Marx and Engels have no peers, while in individualism the author I have chosen, in my opinion, outranks any American writer. Two historians of our land have lately passed away, else I might have been tempted to choose Ridpath or Fiske as my subject. But I think I have chosen well and only wish I were better qualified to set forth his merits."

This is the note that runs through most of the letters that have come to us in response to our request that our readers should indicate in 200 words whom they deemed the "world's foremost living author."

Several books and annual subscriptions were offered as prizes for those letters judged to best state the claims of the several favorites to the foremost position. The winners of these prizes are:

Edith F. Peters, 53 Freeport street, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Charles Whedon, Medina, New York.

Maud De Vere Krake, West Point, Nebraska.

Charles O. Knowles, 311 Manning Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Miss Anna L. White, Lennox, Massachusetts.

Edward F. Younger, Chicago.

Miss Daisy M. Utman, 1515 Eighth Avenue West, Ashland, Wisconsin.

Miss Anna L. Sogard, 17 Wabano street, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Myrtle Brown, La Moure, North Dakota.

C. S. Martin, Allentown, Carter County, Tennessee.

The authors voted for, in the order of their popularity with "National" readers, are:

Herbert Spencer of England.

Rudyard Kipling of England.

Lyof Tolstoi of Russia.

George Meredith of England.

Mark-Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) of America.

Lew Wallace of America.

Bret Harte of America.

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy of America.

William Dean Howells of America.

Thomas Hardy of England.

Emile Zola of France.

Karl Marx of Germany.

Charles Algernon Swinburne of England.

Anatole France of France.

Edwin Markham of America.

James Whitcomb Riley of America.

Rev. Charles Sheldon of America.

F. B. Meyer of England.

Joaquin Miller of America.

Edmund Clarence Stedman of America.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich of America.

Edmond Rostand of France.

Twenty-two authors, of whom six are English, one Russian, three French, one German and eleven American. There is but one woman in the list and her claim to prominence in authorship rests upon a single book, the text book of the Christian Science church, which she founded. Keeping in mind the fact that

seventy per cent of the letters received were from women, it seems a bit odd that none other of the women writers of the day was awarded even a single vote. The standards upon which our readers judged great authors were, broadly speaking, but two in number, i. e., artistic genius and usefulness to the human race in more immediately practical ways.

Thus C. S. Martin of Tennessee writes:

"What constitutes the 'foremost author?' It is not the one who speaks to the largest audience, or who is most brilliant, or most original, or who best pleases the masses. Rather is it not he who most benefits others, who teaches the truest way of loving, who inspires his readers to be more unselfish, more Christ-like, and who, thro' his disciples' influences an ever-widening circle, enriching and ennobling countless lives? Is it not the author who writes for time and eternity; who with the love of God and man in his heart labors for all ages? If then a great-hearted man who *would* do all this, is likewise endowed with the ability to write gracefully, with strength, with earnest purpose, with convincing power and thus influences others, both young and old, it seems to me that such an one is truly the 'foremost author' of his times, and I am disposed to believe that F. B. Meyer of England has, thro' his many books, accomplished all this, aye, and much more, for his sweet-spirited, able and courageous writings influence every thoughtful reader and indirectly reach many others who, perhaps, have never heard his name."

Among the many appreciations of Herbert Spencer, the following by Edith Peters is chosen for reproduction here:

"National pride urges the selection of an American name, but, how can I follow its dictates while that aged apostle of individuality—Herbert Spencer—lives?"

"Yes, I know he has been dauntlessly endeavoring to—for lo, these many years—sweep back the advancing waves of an incoming tide of evolution. Yet, what matters that? He has written noble and inspiring words. Perhaps few great writers have done more in aid of the systems of co-operative democracy than has this same critic of its tenets. He

has made men think. His arguments have aroused antagonistic ideas. These thoughts and ideas have developed until their possessors have become educational factors in the great cause of humanity's progress.

"Yet his work shall not be fruitless, nor his hopes in vain. For in the fairer future which is coming to the children of men, the individuality of each will be nurtured and developed to a higher degree than we even now dream of.

"All honor to the grand old man—Herbert Spencer—the great thinker who has stimulated so many brains into wise activity! And, whether we agree with his deductions or not, let us read them, reflect upon them, learn from them—improve upon them—if we can."

Two estimates of Kipling, from different view points, are of especial interest. Miss Krake writes:

"The position which Howells holds in America to-day is that which Kipling fills in England.

"We love our own. But were Howells an Englishman, and Kipling American-born, we could not confine our pride within the generous limits we allow it for our ownership of Howells.

"It is true. We do not read the 'Recessional' without coveting the poet. We lay down the finished volume that has moved us to laughter or tears—and envy England the author. And when we realize that Mulvaney and Artheris and Leroyd are merely the result of one man's genius, we long to claim fellow citizenship with that one man.

"Surely that mortal is great who can create companions for himself and his fellowmen. Many men have been great because of pen-picturing to us certain characteristic people. Though art and talent serve to create perfect imitations,—it is genius that creates an original. And Kipling is a genius.

"Place his works, his talent and his popularity in the scales with those of any American author and we cannot make them balance. Tho' he may not be always liked, he is always great.

From a generous-minded American standpoint let us give a man his due as a leader of his art—and let that man be Kipling."

Mr. Knowles writes:

"The author of 'The Recessional,'

'The Day's Work' and 'Kim' may fairly be termed the world's greatest living author.

"In thus awarding the laurel wreath of literary sovereignty to Rudyard Kipling, I do so with a full appreciation of many defects in much of his work. I am prepared to acknowledge that the great British publicist has written some unique specimens of rubbish, that some of his verses are undignified and parts of them positively vulgar, and yet, after mature deliberation I pronounce the author of 'The Absent Minded Beggar,' and 'The Lesson' the world's greatest living author. The apparent inconsistency is more imaginary than real. Those whose names are recorded in imperishable letters on the scroll of fame have written copy that would hardly find a place in 'The National,' but this does not prevent us from admiring their worthiest efforts—contributions to the literary riches of the ages.

"Kipling's ability to imbue inanimate objects with life and supply metaphors to suit the tale, his gift of seeing things with the eyes of others and interpreting their feelings as they are incapable of doing themselves, is revealed in that marvelous collection of short stories entitled 'The Day's Work.'"

George Meredith could hardly desire a more ardent fair champion than Miss Sogard, who writes:

"In my opinion, the greatest name in literature to-day, the finest mind, the most original thinker is George Meredith. In the domain of modern poetry, Watson, Henley and W. B. Yeats, beautiful and truly poetic as their work is, seem to stand somewhere between the great poets and the minor poets, while the brilliant promise of Rostand and Stephen Phillips awaits future fulfillment.

"But Meredith, as he stands to-day, challenges comparison, and deserves rank with the greatest masters of fiction of the past; with Scott, Hugo, Dumas, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Turgenev. Meredith has been called the Browning of fiction, but if his style is at times involved, his thought seldom lacks lucidity, and at his finest he possesses a command of the beautiful English language almost unparalleled. Like the great masters of the past, Meredith uses a large canvas and presents many sides

of life and marvelous studies of the human heart, under almost all human conditions. He possesses a wit as keen and rapier-pointed as that of Thackeray, but more humane, more largely tolerant; a talent of low comedy as perfect as that of Dickens, but finer and better sustained; a power of individualizing and character portraying second to none.

"In his delineation of woman, Meredith stands unsurpassed. It is not overpraise to say that no such vital, glowing, exquisite creatures are to be found outside the pages of Shakespeare.

"In considering Meredith's high ideal and his perfection of art we can but say in William Watson's words:—

*"This savors not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity."*

The literary critics who have scoffed at the lack of "style" in the writings of Rev. Charles Sheldon, celebrated as the author of "In His Steps," have perhaps failed to gauge him by the second rule which "The National's" readers have brought into general use in making their estimates, i. e., the good a man's writings do his fellowmen. They will doubtless gain a new idea of the power of such a writer as Dr. Sheldon from the following letter, by Myrtle Brown:

"Charles Sheldon is my choice. After reading one of his books, for instance, 'In His Steps,' one feels a great desire to be better. After that, when one starts to do a small sin one thinks, 'Would Jesus do that?' and conscience softly says 'No'; but if it's a great sin conscience emphatically answers: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'

"His 'Crucifixion of Philip Strong' rouses W. C. T. U. workers, shows them better how to work and naturally they are then more active. On account of this saloon keepers probably denounce and class him with the noted Carrie Nation, altho' he works in a quieter way.

"Undoubtedly many housewives bless him for his book on the servant girl problem. On the whole I think the United States can thank Mr. Sheldon a great deal more than it has done for some of the good daily done throughout the land."

Edward F. Younger honors an American poet in the following estimate:

"All things considered, James Whitcomb Riley is perhaps the foremost living author for the reason that his work is lasting and rouses the noblest sentiments in his readers. He teaches love of the simple things in life and touches the heart strings with a gentle hand. Who is lonely, or homesick, or depressed or downcast, that cannot find friendly voices and familiar scenes in Riley's poems? He is in close touch with Nature in her happiest moods and is a faithful interpreter of her whims and caprices. He is foremost because everybody can understand his work. He neither writes over the heads nor grubs under the feet of his readers, but talks to them in language that all may understand.

"What James Whitcomb Riley has done in verse, James Lane Allen has done in prose. His 'Kentucky Cardinal' and 'Choir Invisible' are creations of a lofty mind and clear brain. Kate Douglas Wiggin, as well, has the rare art of creating people, scenes and incidents, intensely interesting, yet she never stoops to intrigue or dabbles in salaciousness to give zest to her admirable stories."

And he might have added that Riley is one of the few poets who have, while still living, been accepted by people and critics alike.

There is room for but one more letter—that in which Miss Utman lauds her favorite, General Lew Wallace:

"It seems a stupendous undertaking to choose from among the world's writers one whom we think is foremost. Of the many names which sweep across my mind, one constantly recurs. It is General Lew Wallace; coupled with it is the reason for this choice—'Ben Hur,' the title of that wonderful book which it seemed to me never could have been written by one man. I have read books, and books, but none has ever impressed me with such an idea of its greatness as did this one. Its greatness does not lie in one element only, as some books are read for one thing, some another, but it is great in all the phases in which we can view a book.

"That which strikes the reader first is the vivid pictures which are revealed before the mind's eye. No pen pictures could be grander than those General Wallace drew of the Wise Men meeting

on the Desert, or the world-renowned chariot race.

"Again, the portrayal of character is unsurpassable in accuracy of detail, truthfulness to life and sympathetic touch; from the gloriously brave and daring Ben Hur, to the compassionate, suffering Son of God, healing the leper by the roadside.

"Historic interest is not lacking; Greek, Roman, Arabian and Jewish life is depicted.

"Finally, there is the 'Story of the Christ' for those who never can read or hear it too often. As a crowning touch to his already marvelous work, it has been woven into the story of 'Ben Hur' until the loudest scoffer at the reality of Jesus must stand silent as the pen of Wallace traces the deeds, the sufferings, the sacrificing death of the Nazarene.

"'Ben Hur' touches all sides and interests of man, and, as the one who conceived and executed it, Lew Wallace is preeminently the foremost living author."

It may be said in closing, there is not one of the letters but would offer some suggestion of value to the general reader. They are a hopeful exhibit of the widespread interest which people to-day have in the realities of life and literature.

Some of the New Books

"PETER NEWELL EDITION OF ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND," by Lewis Carroll; with 40 full-page illustrations in tint from drawings by Peter Newell, a photogravure portrait of the author, and an introduction by E. S. Martin. Designed to be—and it is—the best edition of this classic book. Childhood is incomplete lacking acquaintance with "Alice"; Mr. Robinson Crusoe even is not a more essential or delightful acquaintance for citizens of the playground. Peter Newell has just the frolic fancy to picture perfectly the exquisitely absurd creations of the author—that amazing paradox of Oxford don and nursery storyteller. Harper & Brothers, New York City, publishers. In a box, \$3, net.

"EUGENE FIELD, a Study in Heredity and Contradictions;" by Blason Thompson. With portraits, views and facsimile illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, publishers. Two volumes in a box, \$3, net. (Review in March number.)

"JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: A Biography;" by Horace E. Scudder. With portraits and illustrations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers. Two volumes, \$3.50, net. (Review in March number.)

"ROBERT NELSON STEPHENS," a sketch, together with some account of his works. A tiny booklet in which a grateful publisher pays a pleasant compliment to one of the most entertaining and widely read storytellers of the better sort since Stevenson.

Nation's Duty to Aid in Irrigation

By CHARLES W. HALL

THE secretary of the Board of County Commissioners of La Moure County, North Dakota, recorded at the meeting of May 6, 1901, a vote "to allow the application of J. Hensel for thirty-five bushels of flax seed"; and later, it was agreed to issue and sell to a certain firm county warrants to the amount of \$12,000 "for the purpose of providing funds for

ing accounts of American benefactions to foreign peoples, when they themselves were suffering from like calamities. Such partial and utter failures must continue to impoverish the dwellers on millions of acres of western and other sections of the Union, unless Congress can bring itself to do justice to the men who have paid the treasury millions for land,

A DESERTED TOWN IN THE ARID WEST

Its builders' stubborn fight against natural conditions is shown by the size and character of the brick school-house left standing. Everything of wood was carried away piecemeal to the next stopping place.



the purchase of seed grain." This meant that in 1900, as in several years since the comparatively recent settlement of that section of the Dakotas, hundreds of farmers had so utterly failed in securing a crop that except for relief of this kind they would have been unable to cultivate their lands.

In many lands this would have implied a famine, and indeed many settlers have, in recent years, seen long and glow-

which has swallowed up not only tens of millions of their earnings and savings, but the best years of their life, and these often spent amid such hardships and disappointments as have cost thousands their lives or reason. If political gratitude were ever bestowed on the masses by whose favor the destinies and wealth of a great nation are given into the hands of parties and partisans, the people of the states most exposed to

A FLOWING ARTESIAN WELL IN THE DESERT

By the discovery and use of a well of this kind, a 160-acre farm of the most highly productive soil has been made on the land which without water was useless.



destructive droughts should long ago have become the beneficiaries of enlightened statesmanship; for the people of these and sister states which have suffered most from an insufficient rainfall, have been and are to an extent which is almost pathetic in its unswerving loyalty, the truest supporters of the republican party, and of its most distinctive tenets. Without manufactures, or adequately protected interests, they are ardent protectionists; without shipping or even a future possibility of securing water transportation, they are loyal to the last degree to any policy which promises to

increase the commercial prestige of the republic; obliged to pay the maximum cost of their lands, they have paid for millions of acres given to the railroads; and while, by the policy of these and their grantees, forced to bear the greater part of

county, municipal and state taxation, and largely obliged to sell their products to great monopolies connected therewith, they have patiently endured and labored, believing that the future would bring a fitting reward to them or to their posterity.

Such a people certainly deserve consideration, and all that the most enlightened statesmanship can effect to give them—the only gift which nature fails to grant, a supply of water by irrigation.

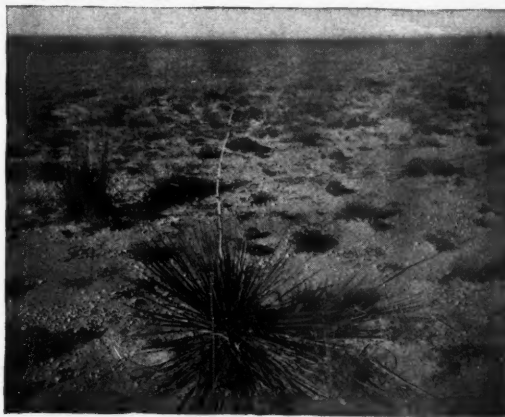
The largest claims made by the advocates of irrigation are supported by the personal experience of those who have

practiced "irrigation farming," and this is attested by numerous examples recorded in government reports and private testimonials. Thus in Davison County, South Dakota, an artesian well irrigating certain land formerly non-irrigated, produced thirty-four bushels of wheat, forty-eight of corn and seventy-three of oats to the acre, while non-irrigated land on the same farm raised only seven bushels of wheat, eight of corn and twenty-two of oats. On another farm in the same section the irrigated wheat produced thirty-eight bushels against fifteen on the unwatered land. A farmer in

Brule County in the same year averaged twenty-eight bushels to the acre on an eighty-acre piece of wheat; fifteen bushels to the acre being considered a good yield on unirrigated land that season. Indeed, so great are the recognized advantages

A TYPICAL BIT OF THE ARID PLAINS

Except where alkali overlays them too deeply, they need only water to produce great crops.



sage of irrigation, that farmers of Kansas and other states, who are too poor to construct costly reservoirs or sink artesian wells, have built rude devices for utilizing wind power, and have from their wells irrigated a few acres of orchard, garden and even root and grain crops.

The principal source of supply in Central Dakota must be the great artesian basin which has been developed by individual and municipal enterprise assisted very meagerly by the efforts of the Government, chiefly at the Indian agencies, where a liberal supply of water

was needed and was thus supplied. The results obtained at various points are thus briefly stated; Aberdeen well, depth 1,100 feet, flow 576,000 gallons per day; Andover, depth 1,075 feet, flow 432,000 gallons; Armour, depth 757 feet; flow, 2,160,000 gallons; Chamberlain, depth 600 feet, flow 5,760,000 gallons; Columbia, depth 927 feet, flow 1,363,600 gallons; Ellendale, depth 1,087 feet, flow 1,000,000 gallons; Jamestown, depth 1,476 feet, flow, 662,400 gallons; Oakes, depth 937 feet, flow 1,152,000 gallons;

Redfield, depth 2,964 feet, flow 1,800,000 gallons daily. The flow of the Yankton Agency well is given at 3,000 gallons per minute, or 4,320,000 gallons daily. The temperature of these wells at the surface issue varies from 67 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

The result of the ceaseless flow of such a well in a country like Dakota, where the rainfall seldom exceeds fifteen inches yearly and the summer days are hot and generally windy, can hardly be appreciated by one who has never witnessed it.

LAKE TENAYA, ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE MERCED RIVER, IN CALIFORNIA.
A GOVERNMENT RESERVOIR SITE IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS,



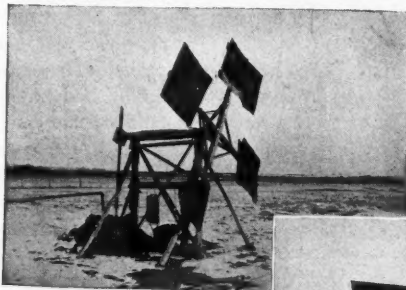
Dry hillsides become covered with flags and water-grasses; arid fields, if not too constantly covered, are heavy with verdure; trees, shrubbery, rose bushes, vegetables, grain and flowers grow luxuriantly, and are often untouched by frost weeks after everything around them is sere and withered. In the spring, sum-

ter and summer, add immensely to the variety of possible products and tend to reforest much waste land where tree-growing has hitherto proved an almost utter failure.

The cost of one first-class battleship (\$3,500,000,) would sink and equip in the Dakota artesian belt 600 first-class wells, capable of irrigating 600,000 acres of arable land; giving an increased yield of ten millions of bushels of wheat, valued at \$5,000,000, yearly; beside keeping every dried up water-course in perennial flow, increasing the local precipitation, giving thousands of farms a constant supply of water for stock and home use, increasing the bird-life and vegeta-

ble development and largely modifying the rigors of the climate at all seasons. From many of these wells — without

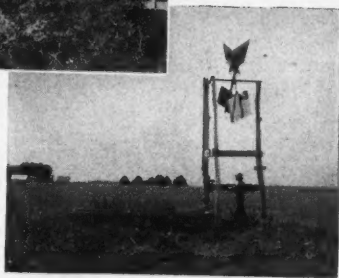
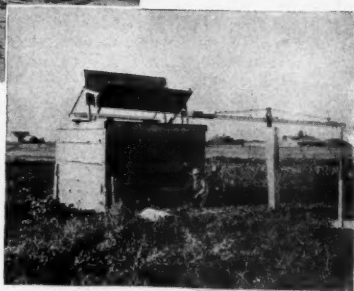
HOME-MADE WIND MILL, USED TO PUMP WATER ON THE ARID PLAINS



mer and fall, the wet lands are the haunts of all kinds of aquatic and wading birds, from the great wild swan and pelican to the smallest species of plover, and land birds innumerable; and in the winter the warmth of these waters keeps them unfrozen, except at the very lowest temperatures. The power furnished is often equal to that of a ten or twelve horse power engine, and the fire protection is quite sufficient for a small city.

The cost of six-inch wells of this kind averages from \$4,000 to \$6,000 in the locations quoted, and the price is beyond the means of most farmers. Capital has not been readily available to syndicate desirable lands and irrigate them, although there can be no doubt that eventually this will become a safe and very profitable investment.

There is no doubt that the acquisition of a larger water surface in the Dakotas and other Northwestern states, would greatly modify the climate in both win-



in the least diminishing their flow—power, light and heat could be supplied for a great variety of uses, and in a single decade after the establishment of such a system, men would wonder that it had ever been thought possible to exist without such potent agencies of good.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The leaders of the present administration seem to have made up their minds that the people want both the battleships and the irrigating works and there is a \$200,000,000 surplus in the treasury.]

Water Storage the Vital Factor

By MAJOR J. W. POWELL

Former Director United States Geological Survey.

IN discussing the propriety of constructing national irrigation works there are some questions that require careful consideration. Since the subject was first presented to the attention of congress, there have been great changes of development both in irrigation itself and in our knowledge of the subject.

The first question demanding consideration is that of vested rights. Settlers have taken up lands along most of the streams of the West and have built canals which bring farms, in part at least, under irrigation. Census statistics show that of the farms upon which irrigation is practiced less than one-third of the surface is actually watered every year. Economy and equity demand that the land irrigated in part should receive ample water before a supply is provided for other lands. It is not to be supposed that all the lands partly irrigated will be cultivated, for some portions are needed for other purposes, or lie at an elevation too high to be reached by water. But it is safe to say that on an average twice as much land could be cultivated by irrigation if the waters were properly conserved and carefully used.

In the year 1889 the area irrigated was a little over three and one-half million acres. In ten years this has very nearly doubled. This accomplishment is largely the result of improvements made in irrigation works. To a limited extent it is due to the fact that in some cases water is stored underground, the subsoils being of such a nature as to retain

it, preserving it from loss by excessive runoff. Another source of the increase is the greater care which is employed in its application, the due amount only being used.

Another source of increase is the greater care exercised in the maintenance of existing works. Where the climate will permit, the canals are cemented, and where frosts interfere the canals are lined with clay or silt by allowing it to accumulate and adjusting the velocity of the streams in such a

manner that they will not wear away the clay linings. Again, covered conduits, such as terra-cotta and redwood stave pipes, are being introduced, so that there is far less loss than under the original pioneer conditions.

Again, communities are appreciating the importance of consolidating their

MAJOR J. W. POWELL, FORMER CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, AND A PIONEER IN THE IRRIGATION MOVEMENT



interests in such a manner as to secure greater economy of water. Parallel ditches constructed in the early days are placed under one management and instead of each canal taking from the river by a separate headgate, the water is received into the highest and best-built canal and carried along its course until it is distributed to lateral canals.

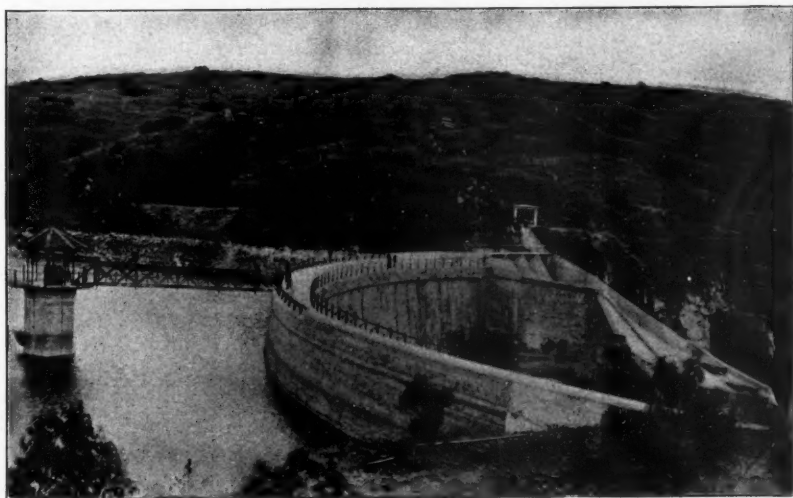
All of these economies lead up to and make possible a systematic conservation such as can be brought about only by the

depends. The area which can be redeemed by irrigation has been estimated by careful men, studying the subject on the ground, to be from 60,000,000 to 100,000,000 of acres, according to the degree of conservation which may be practiced.

The area of farms upon which irrigation is now found is about twenty-five million acres, and less than one-third of this is actually irrigated. Out of this 25,000,000 acres it is probable that not more than 15,000,000 acres are susceptible of irriga-

SWEET WATER DAM, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Showing the magnitude of the structures erected for storing water for irrigation purposes.

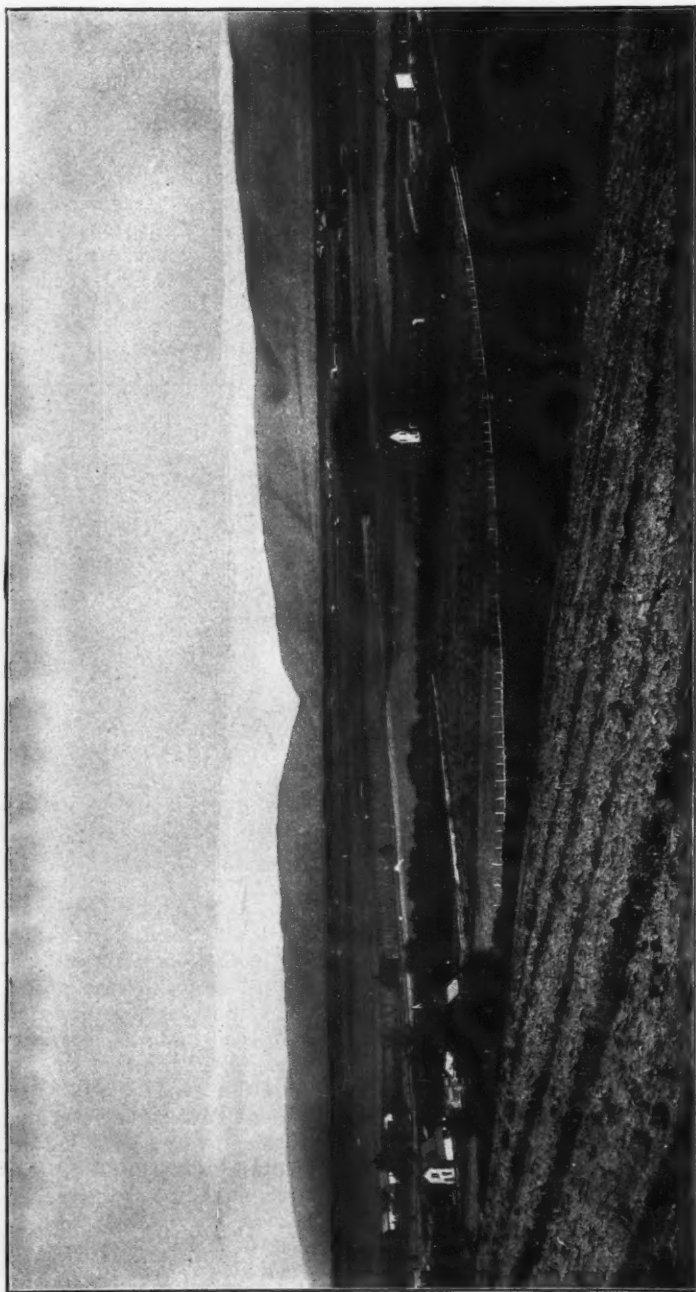


national government. It alone can build and control to advantage the necessary reservoirs at headwaters. These are in large part situated within the national forest reserves. When the reservoirs are built they should form a part of the great system of conservation, the preliminary steps for which have been taken in setting aside the mountain area where the forests grow. These natural reservoir sites on headwater streams should never be permitted to fall into private ownership, since they control conditions upon which the agriculture in the lower valleys

tion. If these 15,000,000 acres are provided with water, there will be left at least 45,000,000 acres largely vacant—that is, still owned by the public. All of these lands are to be redeemed by the storage of waters in reservoirs and by diverting the waters of the great rivers yet unused.

This land should not be brought under irrigation without providing for the lands in private ownership; first, because vested rights should be preserved, and second, because the waters should not be dissipated through the construction

GENERAL VIEW OF A DESERT VALLEY RECLAIMED BY IRRIGATION.
Fertile fields of grain now grow around comfortable farm homes, where formerly the coyote and the prairie dog were the sole inhabitants.



of unnecessary and multiple canals.

The law already guards the priority of rights for domestic use, and after this has been assured every encouragement should be offered for the cultivation of gardens, vineyards, orchards, and meadows. Rights should accrue, first, for domestic use; second, for horticultural use in gardens, vineyards, orchards and meadows; and third, for farm use in raising cereals.

There has been some needless alarm in the minds of the people in the middle West lest the development of the arid regions would lead to competition in the raising of cereals. These, however, are grown under irrigation only to a very limited extent. Nearly all of the wheat of Oregon, Washington and California is produced by dry farming, and even in as dry a country as Utah the area of winter wheat not irrigated is rapidly increasing. There is no probability that under

irrigation there will be more cereals raised than are needed for local consumption.

With a complete system of water storing, hydraulic mining is possible to a larger extent than at present. The placer mines are mainly on land higher than the irrigated fields, and the waters having been used and impounded as required by law to settle out the debris, can then be conducted upon the fields.

The regulation of the streams is thus a direct benefit to other industries than agriculture. Mining, manufacturing and commerce alike depend upon agriculture and horticulture, and in a large portion of the United States agriculture and horticulture depend upon artificial irrigation, and irrigation depends upon the storage of water and the control of streams. Storage can be successfully accomplished only under national control.

A LAKE IN THE ROCKIES

One of the natural water sources which the Government will utilize in providing means to irrigate the arid West.



Social Aspects of Irrigation

By F. H. NEWELL,

Chief Hydrographer, United States Geological Survey.

MUCH has been written upon the importance of irrigation, especially in its relation to the utilization of the vacant public lands and the creation of home markets. There is another side which perhaps is equally important in the welfare of the country, although one which does not appeal as strongly for financial support.

This is the great gain socially by the intensive farming which is an accompaniment of successful irrigation.

In the arid West, where the sun shines nearly every day throughout the year, and where conditions are such that water can be had when necessary, supplying the right amount of moisture, plant life develops with astonishing rapidity and to a degree of completeness unknown in humid regions. Where the temperature is mild as it is at the lower altitudes, or semi-tropic in character as in portions of Arizona and California, no sooner has one crop matured and been removed than another crop can be planted. Seeding follows harvesting as rapidly as the ground can be prepared.

With constant succession of crops and

with the rapid development of plants it is not possible for a farmer to spread his labor over as large an area as he finds can profitably be tilled in humid regions. The best results are obtained by confining himself to a comparatively small acreage. For example, in Utah the average size of irrigated farms is less than

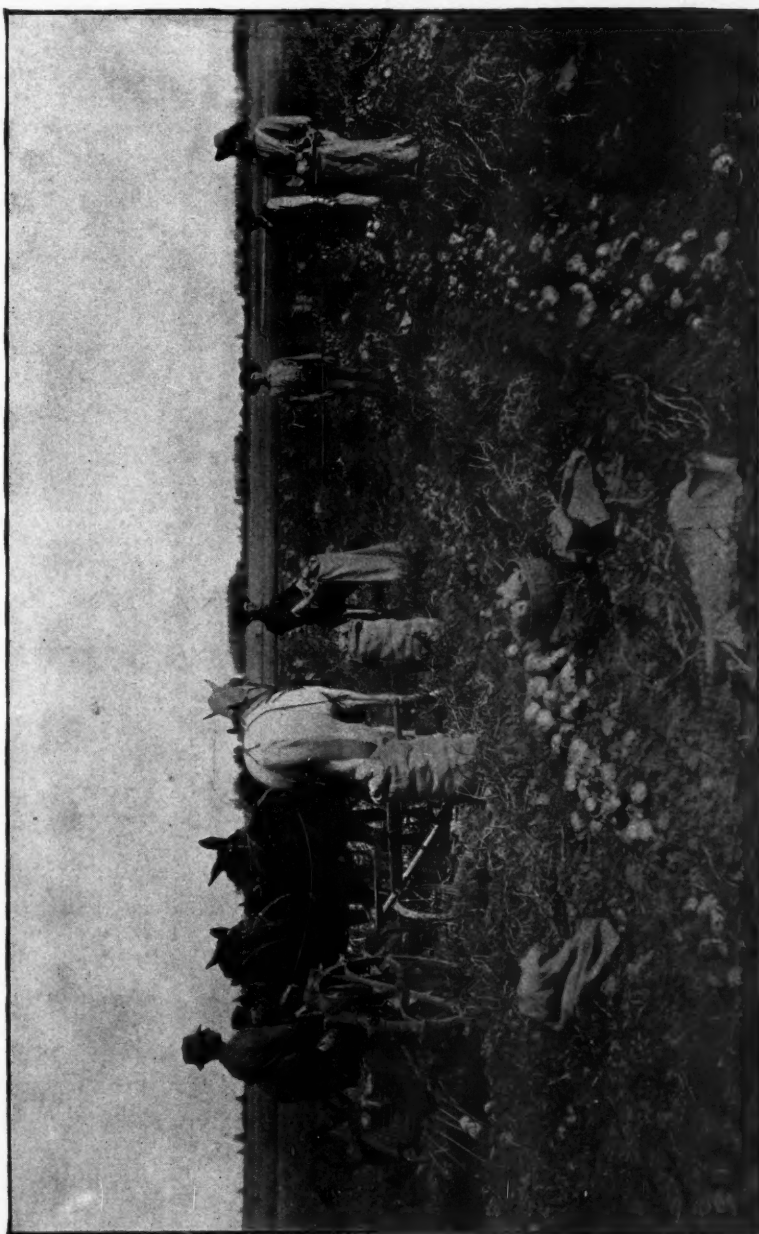
thirty acres. Farther south, where English walnuts, oranges, and other high-priced fruits are produced, a less acreage is sufficient for the support of a family. With constant succession of crops and with part of the land in orchards, a highly diversified farming results, and a concentration of energies upon a comparatively small area. With the wide range of interests and duties connected with the raising of fruit, berries and vegetables, and the

care of various domestic animals, it results that there is opportunity for the employment of every member of the farmer's family and a greater breadth of interest than follows where dependence is placed upon a single crop. The wheat farmer, cultivating several hundred acres in the humid East,

F. H. NEWELL, CHIEF HYDROGRAPHER, UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY



POTATOES PRODUCED BY IRRIGATION ON LAND OTHERWISE WORTHLESS. ONE HUNDRED SACKS OF 115 LBS EACH TO THE ACRE



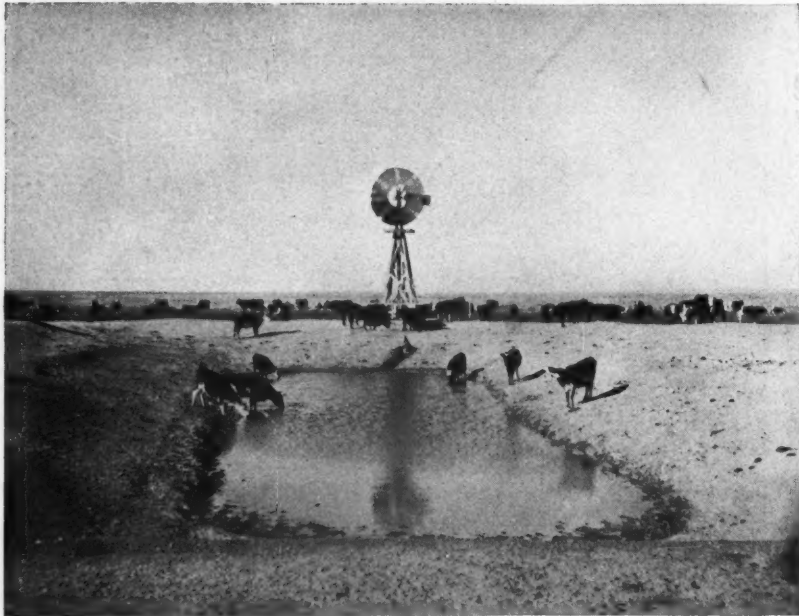
is rushed with work for about three months in the year and stagnates for the remainder. His home is a half a mile or a mile from his neighbor. In contrast with this are the small irrigated farms of twenty or thirty acres with dwellings a few rods apart, with a great variety of operations and of interests, and with the social intercourse which is possible in suburban communities.

The bringing of people together and

suburban life has made it possible to retard or even turn back the steady flow of population from the country toward the city. This has been demonstrated by the successful experiments of the Salvation Army in its colonies which have been established upon irrigated tracts in Colorado and California.

In its work in the cities, the Salvation Army has found thousands of individuals who are eager to get away from the city

A WIND-MILL WELL AND EARTHEN TANK PROVIDING WATER FOR CATTLE ON VACANT PUBLIC LAND



the large value of product handled makes it possible to construct good roads and to provide means of rapid communication impossible in the farming regions of the East. The electric railway, the telephone, the postal service, are among the possibilities, and the improved school facilities and opportunities for social enjoyment are assured facts.

This bringing together the independent life of the farmer with the attractions of

and to start life anew under better circumstances. Out of the great number of applicants, it has selected some who are best fitted for the country life and has placed these upon small irrigated farms, providing a house and necessary tools. These are not given, but are sold to the colonist upon deferred payments, with moderate interest charges, the whole matter being upon a sound financial basis as well as constituting a great phil-

anthropy. It would not be possible to put such people out upon the lonely isolated farms, for they have become accustomed to the city life and can not break away wholly from it; they need the intangible support which comes from numbers.

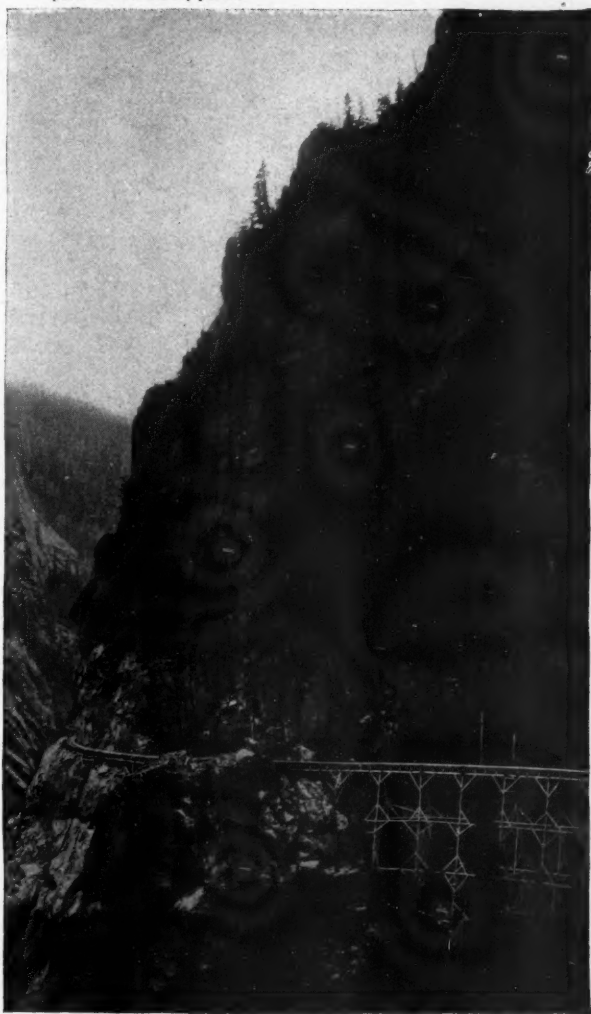
The success attained justifies the belief that the irrigated farm and community life offer a partial solution for the relief of the congested conditions of large cities. It is not possible to put out upon a farm the very poorest — those whose physical and mental activities have been crushed out by the weight of humanity resting upon them — but above these are large numbers of persons amply able to work for themselves if only an opportunity can be had. The taking away from the city of these people tends in part to relieve the congestion and assists in preventing the continuation of the conditions which crowd others down into the depths.

There is another great problem which the small farm in the arid region tends to solve; that is the saving or prolonging the lives of that great portion of our population afflicted

with consumption or some of the forms of tuberculosis. The "great white plague," as this is sometimes called, is the scourge of modern civilization; one which is felt in every community and in almost every household, and is so familiar that its visitations have come to be considered

CARRYING WATER UNDER DIFFICULTIES

This picture shows a flume built on woodwork to carry water for irrigating purposes down to the dry plains.



as a matter of course. If one-tenth or even one-hundredth of the people who are thus afflicted had any other contagious disease, there would be a panic and the interference of the most extreme quarantine. The losses in human activity and in life through this source are so great as to be almost beyond belief.

Prevention of the progress of this disease and ultimate cure can, if sought in time, be found in the arid regions, where all the great tracts of vacant public land

continual out-door occupation so essential to the complete recovery of health. It might even be within the limits of good statesmanship to set aside certain tracts of the arid country when reclaimed or to give preference in certain favorable areas to persons in whose family there is a case of consumption, allowing these persons to make homestead entries on the reclaimed lands and ultimately repay the cost of water storage.

At first sight, any such proposition

POND CREATED BY A WIND-MILL ON AN IRRIGATED FARM
NEAR GARDEN CITY, KANSAS



await water and labor to be profitably tilled in small farms. The wealthy or those having moderate means are able to seek the genial climate, and going during the early stages of consumption the afflicted person gains new life in the arid region. The great body of wage earners, or people who have not sufficient means to leave their work in the East, cannot find this way of escape. For such people it should be possible to provide small farms upon the arid public domain where a comfortable living can, with reasonable effort, be assured and the

may seem utopian, but when we consider the expense which is incurred by the nation and the efforts put forth in its life-saving service along the shore, the vast expenditures in apparatus and employment of men for saving life in great conflagrations in the cities, it seems as though the time had arrived when systematic efforts might properly be made toward a still larger service in the cause of humanity. The development of the arid regions and the small irrigated farm and community life seems to offer help where assistance is most needed.

CONTROLLING WORK OF THE GANGES CANAL, A BRITISH GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION WORKS IN INDIA



Vast Extent of Arid Areas

By HON. CHAS. D. WALCOTT

Director, United States Geological Survey.

THE extent to which the arid land can be reclaimed by irrigation is a matter which has been under investigation by the United States Geological Survey since 1888. In that year congress, by resolution, instructed the director of this survey to make an examination of that portion of the arid region of the United States where agriculture is carried on by means of irrigation, as to the natural advantages for the storage of water, the practicability of constructing reservoirs, together with the capacity of streams, the cost of construction, and other facts bearing on the question of storage of water for irrigating purposes.

This action was the result largely of the personal efforts and indomitable perseverance of the then director, Major J. W. Powell. To him may be attributed the initiation of the great work of investigating the whole subject of the reclaimability of the vacant public domain. His first report entitled "The Lands of the Arid Region," and issued in 1887, first brought to public attention the importance of the matter, and although this question, like many others of broad, far-reaching public policy, has been slow in maturing, yet we now find these early works are bearing fruit.

Following the instructions given by

congress to investigate the extent of the reclaimability of the arid regions the senate appointed a special committee to consider the matter, and this committee traveled through the West, taking testimony and acquiring information. As a result two reports were submitted, the views of the minority embodying to a large extent the ideas which Major Powell advocated.

The controversy aroused by conflicting interests and the minor diverse views held concerning irrigation for a time prevented action by Congress, but of late years public sentiment has manifested itself in certain demands which cannot be ignored.

The arid regions of the United States are so vast that it is impossible to form any conception of them without comparing them to areas of which we have some knowledge, such for example as the larger eastern states or the countries of Europe. For example, the State of California, if cut out of the lands lying on the Atlantic

coast, would extend from the vicinity of New York to Charleston, S. C., and embrace all of New Jersey and the greater portions of eastern Pennsylvania, of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

Nearly one-half of the great state of California consists of vacant public land, and yet this is the most highly developed state included within the arid region. In Nevada less than five per cent of the area of the state has passed under private control, the remainder being vacant or reserved for one purpose or another. This vast extent of vacant land includes many areas whose soil is fertile, but useless because of perpetual drouth.

The country to be covered is so vast that it may be compared in areal extent with Europe, and although the investigations which have been made by the government's agents have been distributed as widely as possible, yet there remains extensive areas concerning which our knowledge is still limited.

A GROUP OF OUR MINOR WARSHIPS

Advocates of irrigation say they favor a greater navy, but they want some of the public money spent for internal expansion as well. The cost of one of these ships would construct several hundred artesian wells, making homes for happy thousands on the arid plains.



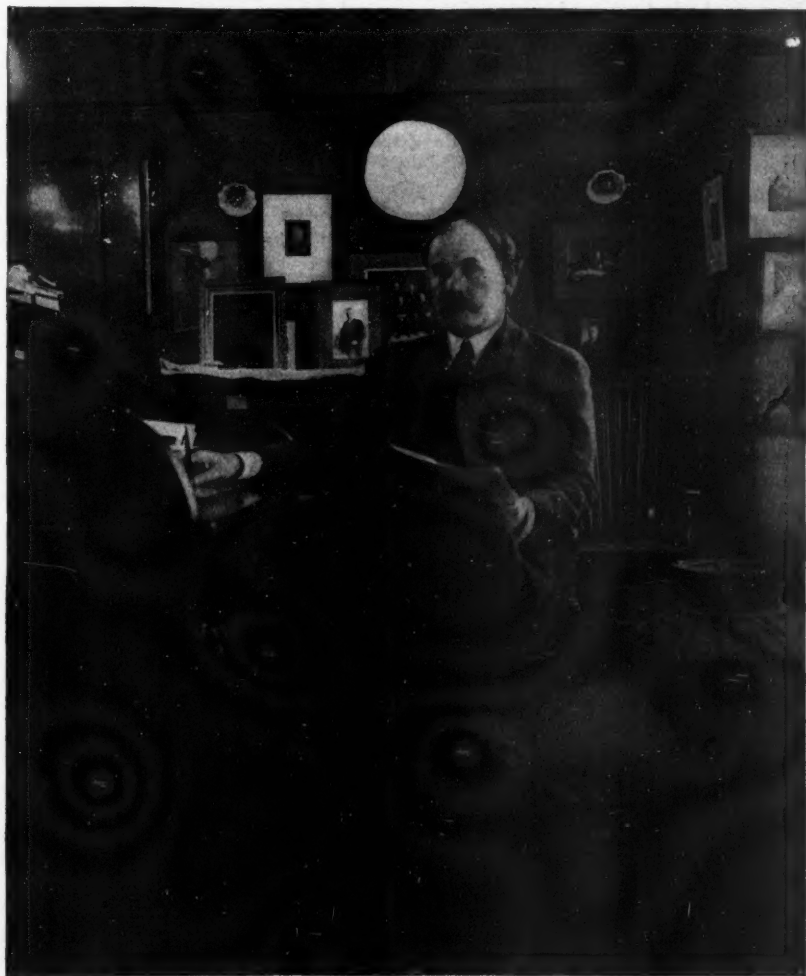
The Demand for Internal Expansion

By H. I. CLEVELAND

PAUL MORTON, second vice-president of the Santa Fe railway, regards President Roosevelt as one of the biggest men the country has ever produced. He is just now immensely pleased over the declaration in President Roosevelt's first message for the irrigation of the arid West by the national government.

**PAUL MORTON, SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SANTA FE RAILWAY,
IN HIS OFFICE AT CHICAGO**

From a snapshot photo taken by the C. & C. Company for "The National"



"I tell you," Mr. Morton said, "the President's message was generally satisfactory, but that portion in regard to irrigation was extremely gratifying to western people. Do you know that one-third of the entire area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is public land and that by irrigation over 100,000,000 acres of it can be changed from aridity to fertility?"

"Arid America, under proper treatment, will sustain a greater population than the whole United States to-day. About one-half of our land is west of the ninety-eighth meridian. The population by the census of 1890 east of the ninety-eighth meridian was over 58,000,000; west, 4,404,000.

"The government owns most of the arid land and as a business proposition can afford to spend a great deal of money in experimenting with reservoirs and other means to make the land marketable. But there seems to be some opposition among members of Congress who represent agricultural districts in the Middle States. They claim liberal appropriations for irrigation purposes will create more agricultural land which must

come into direct competition with the products of their constituents. This is not a broad view of the case.

"What the United States needs is internal expansion. The more fertile western plains become, the more people they will sustain and the greater the demand for all kinds of products. The cheaper the people of the Rocky Mountain region can be fed as a class, the more development there will be in a mineral way. Very few of the products of the irrigated farms would ever come in competition with Eastern products. The rates of freight alone would prevent this. Surplus cereals of the West will be absorbed by the great market now opening in China and Japan.

"President Roosevelt is by far the best posted man on Western affairs that has ever occupied the White House. He knows the needs of the West and is more directly in touch with its demands and interests than any of his predecessors. He is well qualified to judge what should be done by the government in connection with the reclamation of arid lands."

CHICAGO, January, 1902

**TRANSPORTATION IN THE KLONDIKE, WHERE DOGS ARE STILL
THE BEST RELIANCE OF THE TRAVELER**

From an Arctic night snapshot taken for "The National"



Irrigation Creates Home Markets

By *JAMES WILSON*,

Secretary of Agriculture

(Extract from a speech delivered December 23, 1901, at a banquet given by Hon. F. G. Newlands to prominent public men, including members of the Senate and House Committees on Irrigation.)

IF we take note of what is in men's minds at the present time, we find that public discussion turns more upon markets than on any other one proposition in planning for our national prosperity. The policy of the United States for the last forty years has been to build up home markets, not only for our manufacturers, but for our farmers as well. We have built up our manufacturers in order that we might have home markets for our farmers, and also to encourage everything that could permanently live and prosper within the United States through the diversification of our industries.

Changes are coming about gradually. When I was a boy, forty-six years ago, I went to Iowa. It was a new country in those days, and there was no homestead law, so we bought our land. Our friends, the farmers of the East,

were somewhat alarmed as to what the result might be. But those friends in the East built railroads out to us, and overtook us with the railroads, and sometimes went further west with them than we had gone, and waited for us to

come, and the result in regard to the marketing of Eastern farm products was in some cases unsatisfactory to the Eastern farmer. But the Eastern manufacturer got such a market as is not to be found anywhere else in the world outside of the Mississippi Valley. And the prosperity of the Eastern manufacturers has in turn brought prosperity to the Eastern farmer.

Whatever temporary detriment the opening up of the rich lands of the Mississippi Valley to agriculture caused the Eastern farmer has been wholly overcome, and overbalanced by the benefit which

JAMES WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE



the Eastern farmer has received from the establishment of the great manufacturing industries of the East.

We have gone on developing the West as far as the one hundredth meridian. Last year we sold \$950,000,000 worth of American farm products in foreign countries, and we are developing a market for our products in Asia which will absorb the whole surplus of farm products from the West, no matter how many additional acres of arid land we may reclaim and cultivate. The product of the Western lands will simply increase the great aggregate of wealth which the American farmer is bringing back to this country for our agricultural exports.

The immigration in those early days of which I have spoken was of homeseekers. People who came from foreign countries in those days wanted farms, and they got them, and they built up the Northwest. A change has come—a most undesirable change. The homeseekers who want farms are not coming to such an extent as they did in those early days. The man is coming to this country to live in the cities and work in the factories, and the admonition is forced upon us that the United States of America in its population is becoming somewhat out of balance as regards the town and the country. The cities are growing in proportion faster than the country.

There is danger in this, as all recognize. We should do everything we can to promote the growth of a rural population, by opening up opportunities for people to get homes on the land, and training them to till it, so they will know how to get their living from the ground. Everything we can do and that which the Department of Agriculture is doing to make conditions of rural life more pleasant and prosperous, tends to correct this growing evil of too many people in

our cities and too few in the country. A prominent question to-day in the minds of a great many people is a desire for foreign markets. But we must never forget that the best market is the home market, both for the farmer and the manufacturer. The Mississippi Valley is worth to the manufacturers of the United States, as a market, more than all the rest of the world put together, because those people all have good incomes and they spend their money.

I am in favor of having more homes out in the West. Uncle Sam has a great deal of land and a great deal of water out there. That land is arid and the water which would make it productive is running to waste. I would wet some of those great mountain valleys and plains, and build more homes, and make more markets.

That is the development of the United States that I want to see. And I want to say to you, gentlemen, that I have all the confidence in the world that you will move along conservative lines. You must not alarm our Eastern brethren by trying to do everything all at once. This great work will take time. It will take many years to wet all that dry land, but we ought to begin now and go along carefully each year until the task is done.

You will not get many dams built or neighborhoods started before the Eastern business men will have their traveling men out there to sell goods. They will find it is a grand thing to have people out there to buy from them.

You need not worry about finding settlers for your arid land after you have reclaimed it. The farmers have the money now to buy that land and put their boys on it just as fast as you can get it ready for them, and they will do it; and I would much rather see them do it than have them go to Canada.



Irrigation Makes Homes

By *THOMAS F. WALSH*

President of the National Irrigation Association

IT is almost impossible to over-estimate the great benefits which will be enjoyed by our nation and our whole people as the result of the arid government lands in the West being reclaimed by means of storage reservoirs and great main line canals built by the national government.

Nothing is needed but water to bring to life the wealth that lies latent in these deserts. As President Roosevelt said in his message to Congress, "if water is brought within their reach, the home-makers who will settle on the land will do the rest." All they need is the opportunity. There are multitudes waiting to take advantage of it.

There are many other questions seeking answer by Congress; but it is safe to say that there is no problem whose solution is more laden with promise of unmixed blessings to the whole country than this, especially to the millions of deserving citizens who will occupy these reclaimed lands. For the national government to enable our people to occupy and and possess this vast region, larger than

all of western Europe, needs not the hardships or the cruelties of war. No aggression by armed force or negotiation with any foreign power is necessary to acquire it. We are already in full possession of the land, and to reclaim it and prepare it for occupancy requires only the building of large reservoirs capable of storing the waters of the rivers of that region in the season of flood, and in places the building of large canals, thus making those waters available for use

when they are needed for irrigating the lands, instead of letting them go to waste.

President Roosevelt, who more than any of his distinguished predecessors, is personally acquainted with every section of our country, and who is fully alive to the wants and needs of all, has seen for himself the great possibilities of farming by irrigation, and has given to the national irrigation movement his unqualified endorsement and recommendation in his

recent message to Congress. The Honorable Secretaries of the Interior and of Agriculture are also strongly in favor of it.

CHARLES D. WALCOTT, CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY



Treated as a great national undertaking, and carried to a successful termination as such, the blessings which will flow from giving these opportunities to home-makers to reclaim and settle up the arid region will not be reserved for the rich and well to-do, but will fall upon our homeless and home-seeking citizens. The present hopeless condition of many of them is already a menace to our institutions; but when they become the owners of those ideal bounties, the irrigated farms, they will become solid rocks in the foundation of our Republic.

There could be no more conservative citizen than the man who owns a small irrigated farm which he cultivates himself. He is always sure of a good living. He is free from the danger of want in hard times which hangs over the workers for wages in our cities. He is self-sustaining and independent. His patriotism has its roots in his own home and fireside. Here we have in the middle of our domain a country greater than western Europe in extent and surpassing Europe in the fertility of its soil and the variety of its climate, a vast area now worthless, but, when watered, capable of growing every fruit, vegetable, cereal and plant used by man; capable of furnishing homes for more than a hundred mil-

lion of our people, who in turn will supply permanent markets for the products of our workshops.

It must be borne in mind that the benefits to come from the opening up of these arid lands to home-seekers are not so much for the people of the West as those of the East. The great multitudes who will seize these opportunities will come from the East. They are now working in the congested cities and want the chance to get a home of their own where they can be independent; or they are farmer's boys growing to manhood who want the same chance, still farther west, that their fathers had in the earlier days when land was easy to get in the

THOMAS F. WALSH, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL IRRIGATION ASSOCIATION



great Mississippi Valley; or they are tenant farmers, longing to own the land they cultivate. It is these men from the East who will make the new homes in the West and get the first benefit. The next benefit will go to the Eastern manufacturer who will furnish all they need to establish that home.

The yet imperfect condition of the world's civilization compels even our humane government to appropriate millions yearly for weapons of destruction, for implements of war, with all of its attendant horrors. Man's lowest position in the scale of civilization is evidenced by his desire to fight, kill and destroy; and the real progress of the race must be measured by our advance beyond this instinctive passion for conflict and destruction. Hide it as we may, the war spirit of to-day is not much above that which inspired our ancestors when they found shelter in the caves of Europe. On the other hand, man's nearest approach to the perfect condition is when he is bettering or trying to improve the condition of others, building up civilization rather than destroying it.

The bearded men of Germany who came out of the wild forests and fought with their rude weapons had the same motives that prompt our so-called civilization to-day to burden their people with keeping up great armaments of war. The spirit is the same and the end is the same. All either could accomplish was to kill and destroy. What a difference between the war-like ideals that have wrought such ruin throughout the world's history, and such a high, pacific and noble ideal as the creating of millions of homes for our people. What nobler philanthropy could there be than in this way to bring hope to the hearts of the multitude who are struggling in our cities without a chance to become independent citizens. What a grand work for broad-minded, philanthropic men and women. It would not be a work which would live

for to-day or to-morrow only. It would go on down to children and generations yet unborn who would bless the memories of those who had inaugurated it.

The reclamation of this vast arid domain is not only the highest, practical philanthropy but is also a safe business proposition through the making of room for a multitude of homes where millions of American citizens can enjoy life, liberty, prosperity and happiness.

In the construction of national reservoirs and canals we are following in the footsteps of older governments, which, without any direct compensation from government land, have built immense irrigation works and have furnished the waters from them to their citizens. In our case, if Congress so wills, it can get back all of the money expended by adding a few dollars per acre to the price of the land reclaimed.

Irrigated farms furnish ideal conditions for making perfect and complete homes by intensive farming, amidst pleasant surroundings not possible in the regions where agriculture is directly dependent upon rainfall.

There is no luxury in the way of food that wealth can buy that such a rural home will not produce. Poultry of every kind, eggs and butter without stint, milk, and cream from his own cow, honey from his own hives, vegetables and berries from his own garden, fruit from his own orchard—apples, pears, peaches, plums, prunes, grapes, and in many places semi-tropical and citrus fruits may grace his table. His house may be overhung with vines and roses and surrounded with flowers. It is the ideal life, and one needs only to go to some of the older settled colonies in Colorado or California or Idaho and see thousands of such homes. Social discontent cannot exist in the heart of a man amidst such surroundings. Others may envy him, but he will envy no one. He has all the real happiness there is in life.

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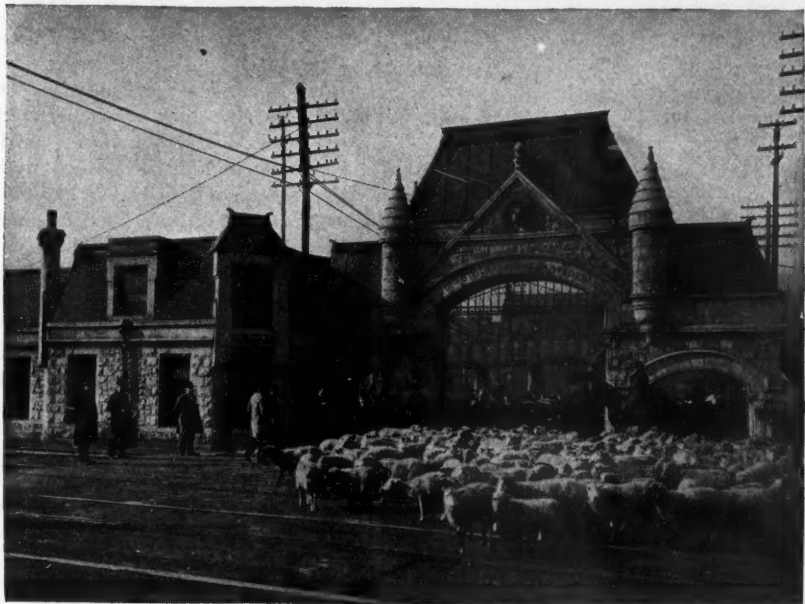
EUGENE F. WARE, "Ironquill of Kansas"

WM. MACLEOD RAINE, of Colorado

FRANK H. SPEARMAN, of Illinois

ALOYSIUS COLL, of Pennsylvania

ENTRANCE TO THE UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO, THE GREATEST PROVISION MARKET IN THE WORLD



Inside a Great Packing Plant

By *WILLIAM M. SHIRLEY*

of Swift Company, Chicago

An Address Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Illinois Stock Breeders' Association

IT is a well known fact that, in his lowest state of culture, man has few needs, and supplies them all from the region where he lives. But as he advances in civilization he requires a greater variety of food, better shelter, and comfortable clothing. The higher his state of culture, the more numerous are his wants, the more discriminating his appetite. In his food he demands variety, prime quality, and fastidious preparation.

To this gastronomic advancement of the human race no agent is contributing

more than the American farmer. His fertile grain fields and abundant pasturage are producing crops and animals for the world. But this production would be as naught unless meats could be transported safely, quickly and economically to all parts of the world.

The agency which has made possible this transportation is not the steamship, for that we had many years before a pound of fresh meat was ever shipped to England. It is not the railroad, as it had spread everywhere long in advance

of any shipment of meat except on the hoof. It is the packing industry with its invention, perfection, and application of refrigeration.

Without refrigeration it would not be possible to ship fresh meat to markets thousands of miles from the scene of slaughter, nor to keep them for periods of time consistent with the laws of supply and demand.

Without it you could not profitably continue breeding and selling on your present gigantic scale.

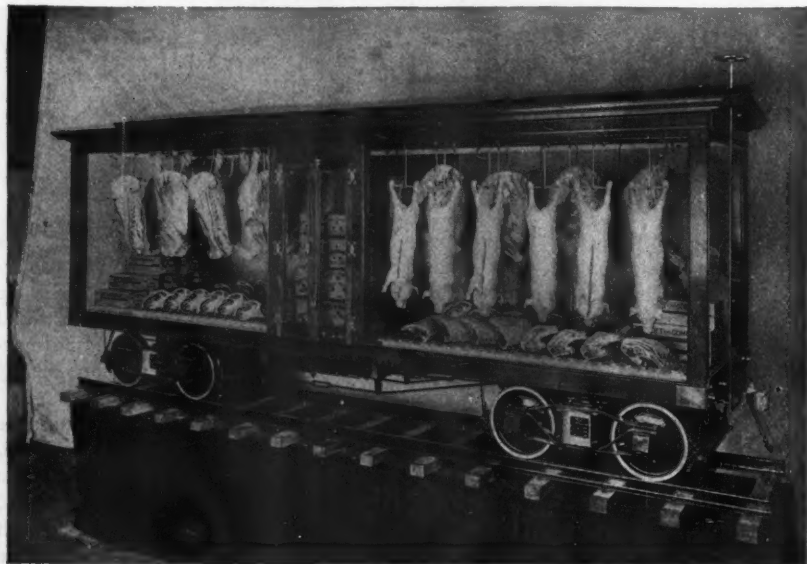
But now that we have refrigeration and understand its uses and its limitations, you can go on increasing and multiplying your flocks and herds and droves as fast as the tillage of the land will support them, thus increasing your individual profit and bringing to the nation additional wealth.

For twenty years or more our mutual interests have been going through a rapid state of evolution—you perfecting your breeds and increasing your output, we

devising new methods for the utilization of waste, perfecting our curing processes, improving refrigeration, and developing new trade for the consumption of an ever increasing output.

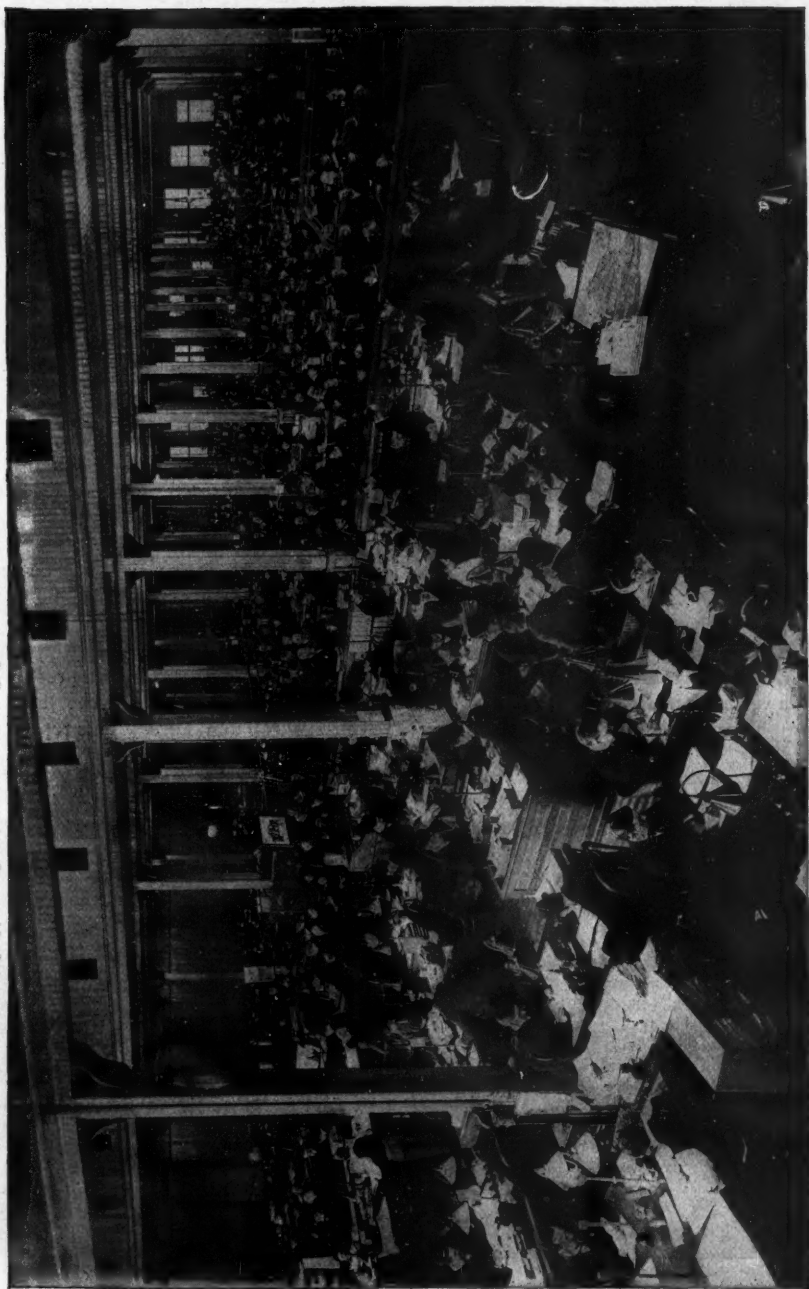
The extension of this trade has been brought about by the discovery of several processes for preserving meat foods. The first, and that upon which all others largely depend, is refrigeration, which preserves (for a limited period) fresh beef, mutton, pork and produce. At about thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit meats are kept in such an excellent condition that when they reach Liverpool in from twenty to thirty days they are considered at their best, their tenderest and sweetest. This gives us a decided advantage over our Australian, New Zealand and South American competitors, whose vessels to reach London must cross the equator. Only freezing will preserve meats on such a journey. A visitor to the London docks will see an Australian boat unloading from a single

THE INTERIOR OF A SWIFT REFRIGERATOR CAR



THE LARGEST OFFICE FORCE IN AMERICA

View of office of Swift Company, showing over 800 clerks and stenographers at work in one room. Engraved from the largest photograph ever made.



voyage as many as 75,000 carcasses of mutton, frozen solid, and piled up on the wharf like cord wood.

Frozen meats are not so sweet and juicy as the chilled meats which we export. At first it was apprehended that chilling might deteriorate the quality of fresh meat, but experience has demonstrated that refrigeration makes the meat tenderer and therefore more palatable.

Next in importance to refrigeration are the salting, pickling and smoking processes, the three being closely affiliated. These processes are indispensable to the pork industry. All hams and bacon and nearly everything except fresh meats must go through at least two of the processes. To bring these operations to a successful conclusion requires great capital, as it is impossible to cure a first-class ham in less than seventy days, or a piece of fancy breakfast bacon in less than thirty-five days. It is necessary to have one set of cellars for the curing in sweet pickle, and another set for curing in dry salt. In the latter the millions and millions of pounds of different meats form a veritable white salted city.

To complete the pickling and salting

operations requiring smoke, buildings of great capacity are provided, some of them accommodating as much as 1,300,000 pounds at a single smoking. These smoke houses are a series of ovens placed on top of each other until they reach the top floor of a nine story building, and are arranged for replenishing, emptying and inspection at the various floors.

The sixth process, the canning of meats, has reached a very high degree of perfection. The hermetically sealed tin will almost indefinitely preserve meat. The canning industry has created a profitable and permanent demand for a class of cattle which otherwise would be a drug upon the market.

The last and least used methods of preserving meat are by air and sun-drying. These processes are required in the curing of summer sausage, the majority of which is exported. I have a reasonable suspicion that much of the best imported sausage was made originally in Chicago.

Swift & Company will, in the course of a single year, purchase and prepare for market upward of 10,000,000 head of cattle, sheep and hogs. This represents

EXTERIOR OF A BRANCH MARKET

One of over 250 branch houses in the United States



about twenty per cent of the total annual western output. These animals are all purchased in the usual way, through the

Britain. These distributing houses, of which we have over 300, are so arranged as to receive the carcasses direct from the

ONE OF SWIFT COMPANY'S PRIZE WINNING SIX HORSE TEAMS



commission men at the various stock-yards.

After killing and dressing, and the necessary forty-eight hours in the refrigerating rooms, transferring and shipping commences. The beef and mutton almost immediately go out in the refrigerator cars, but the pork goes to the cutting room for division into hams, shoulders, sides, backs, bellies, trimmings, feet and heads.

All shipments are made in the Swift refrigerator cars. After each shipment, these cars are thoroughly cleaned and sterilized with hot water, then packed with fresh ice, and loaded with 100 to 140 quarters of beef, or 400 sheep, each piece hanging from a separate hook.

About ninety-five per cent of our fresh meat is shipped to our own distributing houses which are located in every important city in this country and Great

car by means of an extension trolley rail. This prevents unnecessary handling and simplifies the work of unloading, besides serving the interests of hygiene and economy.

The distributing house caters to the wants of the local meat dealers, who inspect our stocks daily. The manager of a distributing house must be alive to the requirements of his customers, for as his supplies are received and inspected daily, they must be closed out daily.

We now come to the last but by no means the least important feature of the packing industry, a feature without which there would be no profit in the business—the utilization of the non-edible and waste products.

Standing at the head in value and importance of the non-edible products are the hides and wool. The hides are cured three weeks in coarse salt, after

which they are shipped to tanneries in Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia and other states. Japan has recently become a buyer of our hides.

Pelts are painted with a depilatory solution on the body side, after which plucking out by handfuls is like pulling out rose leaves; there is no resistance. The wool is sorted into fifty grades, then dried, baled and sold. The pelts are tanned into some two hundred shadings and varieties of leathers.

Tallows, greases and stearines are important by-products. Tallow is a soap base, and is used freely in the manufacture of Wool Soap. Greases are pressed for lubricating oils, and stearines are used by tanners for curing leather. Lard oil and neatsfoot oil are utilized as high grade lubricants.

Oleo oil and neutral lard, combined with milk and cream, are the chief elements used in the making of oleo-margarine.

Glue is made from parts of hides, sinews and other gelatinous animal substances. Glue is used by some fifty different industries. Wallpaper manufacturers unite their clay, colors and water with it, coffee roasters coat their glossy coffee with it, and some bakers use it to glaze their biscuit.

Hog hair and cattle tails are made into mattresses and worked into upholstery.

Bones are steamed and cleaned and sold to manufacturers of knife handles, buttons and other bone goods, and horns to manufacturers of combs. The finest tortoise-shell combs are made from the horns of Texas cattle. Just what our wives and daughters will do for such gewgaws when you succeed in eliminating the last pair of horns, I should not attempt to prophesy. Possibly the utilization of the pig's squeal will solve that problem.

Entrails are cleaned, washed, cleaned again, salted, and then used for sausage

casings, fiddle strings, buggy whips, gold beaters' skins, and rope belts for machines running at terrific speed; bladders are made into lard cases and putty bags, and weasands into tubes for transferring beer from vats into kegs. These articles are susceptible of very high finish, and when properly treated are much softer and finer than the most delicate satin.

The first flow of cattle blood is made into albumen. The remainder, with such other substances as may not be suitable for manufacturing processes, on account of their percentages of nitrogen and phosphoric acid, are made into fertilizers.

To you this last product should be most important. Your grasses and grains, growing out of and absorbing the richness of your land, are being consumed and carried away by your live stock. Unless you replenish your farms they will deteriorate in richness, and your crops will decline in yield. The packer is now prepared to restore to you—for a consideration—the elements taken out of your land and fed unto your live stock, and to assist you in regaining the old-time fertility of the virgin soil. Man cannot go on forever taking out. At some time he must begin putting back.

And thus the circle is completed; first the grain and grass; next the live stock and their conversion into meat foods and by-products; then the waste, and, lastly, the fertilizer, to be returned again to the farmer. The interests of the live stock producer and the packer are interdependent. Meat is made or marred in the feeding. Our production must reflect your action.

Great advancement has been made in the art of feeding and breeding. But this is an age of progress both for you and for us. We can assure you that if you continue to improve your breeds, as the progressive live stock raiser must, we will not rest until every embargo has been removed from our agricultural products.

MT. TACOMA, 14,700 FEET HIGH, AS SEEN FROM TACOMA HARBOR



Tacoma, the Boston of the West

By J. S. WHITEHOUSE

Secretary Tacoma Chamber of Commerce

TACOMA is situated upon a sheltered arm of Puget Sound at the furthest point inland where the ships first meet the cars. The city is situated on a bluff arising by terraces from the shore and its scenic attractions are unsurpassed. In front of the city lies Commencement Bay and beyond it beautiful islands. To the north about forty miles the rugged range of the Olympics, snow covered all the year around, are always visible. To the east the Cascade Mountains fill the horizon and their highest and grandest peak, Mt. Tacoma, 14,750 feet high, stands apparently almost within a few hour's walk of the city, although really about forty miles distant.

From a commercial standpoint the city is sustained by every line of business—manufacturing, jobbing and shipping. Tacoma is one of the three distributing centres of the state and its wholesale business every year runs into many millions of dollars. Not only the State of

Washington, which is growing very rapidly, pays tribute to its merchants, but the trade with Alaska amounted last year to nearly two millions of dollars. The trade with the Orient amounted to many millions more and a large trade is transacted with Honolulu, Oregon, California, Mexico, Central and South America and Europe. The rapidly increasing trade demands more wholesale houses. There are excellent opportunities for jobbers in hardware, drugs, boots and shoes and dry goods.

As a Manufacturing Center

Tacoma has a greater number and a greater variety of manufactures than any city on the Pacific coast except San Francisco. Lumber and manufactured lumber are the most important. One-fourth of all the lumber cut in the State of Washington is sawed in this city. About 260,000,000 feet will represent the output of the mills for the year 1901. Nearly

one-half of this amount is shipped by water to all parts of the earth and a great part of the balance finds its market in the Mississippi Valley and eastern cities. In manufactured lumber there are sash, door and molding factories, shingle mills, furniture factories, woodenware factories, ladder works, pulley works, boxes, etc. There are also three extensive ship building plants. This has been a busy and profitable year in all lines in

Australia. In addition to the above there are numerous iron works, molding shops, car and engine shops, and a smelter which treats 600 tons of ore per day.

The deep sea commerce for the year 1901 amounted in exports to \$22,000,000, an increase of \$9,000,000 over the year 1900, and in imports to \$12,000,000, an increase of \$6,900,000 over the preceding year. About fifty-seven per cent of all the business of the Puget Sound Cus-

HARBOR SCENE AT TACOMA, WHERE SHIPS LOAD FOR ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Photo copyrighted, 1901, by A. French



the lumber business and practically all the mills worked over time and some night and day almost constantly. There is a pressing demand for more factories making sash, doors and blinds, and furniture. The latter especially is an inviting field. In addition to the local woods, which can be used extensively, mahogany, rosewood, and other woods of a similar nature can be imported and laid down in Tacoma at a very low figure from the Philippine Islands and from

toms District, consisting of fourteen ports and including all on Puget Sound, is transacted at the Port of Tacoma. Sailing vessels and steamers from all parts of the world can always be seen in the harbor and the loading and unloading of any vessels about the extensive docks is a very interesting sight.

Her Great Oriental Trade

In the Oriental trade Tacoma now ranks with San Francisco as one of the

two leading ports. The first steamer in the Oriental trade with this port arrived here in 1893, and for several years three vessels handled the business. Now there are thirty-one vessels plying regularly between Tacoma and the Orient, some of them going on through the Suez Canal to Europe, and all find a profitable and growing business. From the Pacific coast of the United States there are only twenty-one steamers crossing the Pacific from ports other than Tacoma and in this respect Tacoma is the first on the Pacific coast and will undoubtedly soon assume first place in the amount and value of goods handled.

The chief product of the Pacific coast sent across the Pacific is flour. In 1893 there was shipped from Tacoma to the Orient 173,530 barrels of flour. This increased year by year until in the year 1900 it amounted to 668,000 barrels and in the year just ended 850,000 barrels were exported. Tacoma exports about thirty per cent of the total amount of flour exported from the Pacific coast.

All of the mills of Tacoma have their orders booked ahead for six months and three new mills are already projected to supply the rapidly increasing demands. In addition to flour there is exported to the Orient lumber, coal, wheat, hay, machinery, butter, fruits, beer and other articles of local production, and an almost endless number of articles are brought from the Atlantic coast for exportation from this port. The imports from the Orient consist of silk, rice, matting, curios, tea, sugar, etc. Part of the imports are distributed by the Tacoma wholesalers, but most of them are hurried through to the large centres of the East for distribution.

In addition to the steamship connections with the Orient, there are regular lines of steamers to Alaska, British Columbia, California, Central and South America, Honolulu and Europe.

Rich in Coal and Wheat

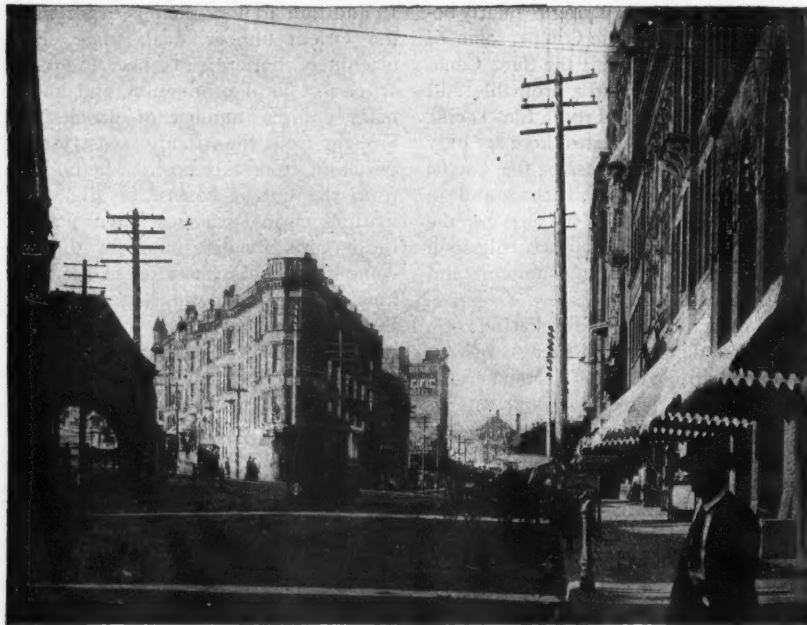
Of about three million tons of coal mined in the State of Washington, two-

NORTH "C" STREET, IN THE RESIDENCE PORTION OF TACOMA



thirds is tributary to Tacoma. The exports of coal by water from this port large number of hides can now be imported from China and a tannery located

AT NINTH AND "C" STREETS, TACOMA; PORTE COCHERE OF THEATRE AT LEFT



amounted last year to over 800,000 tons, an increase of about twenty per cent over the preceding year. The only coking coal so far found in the state lies near this city and is shipped all over the coast. To supply the pressing demands for coal four new mines are being opened, two of which are putting in extensive coke ovens.

A syndicate of New York capitalists is now testing various beds of iron ore existing in the state and if the results are satisfactory a large iron and steel plant will be located in the vicinity of Tacoma—the location being determined by the proximity of coke. If this is established it will give a great impetus to manufacturers and many new industries would assure an immediate custom for a large cordage factory at the present time. A

here could use the hemlock bark which exists in such great quantities for tanning. In time this will undoubtedly be the distributing depot for Oriental goods and the seat for the manufacturing of such goods as the raw material of the state would permit, for exportation to the Orient.

The wheat of the Pacific coast is exported through three ports—Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco. In the year 1900 Tacoma exported 4,600,000 bushels or fifteen per cent of the total from the coast. In the year 1901 the exports of Tacoma were 10,000,000 bushels or about twenty-seven per cent of the total from the coast. The exports for the season ending June 30, will probably reach a total of 14,000,000 bushels and constitute about thirty-three per cent of the total.

Fine Natural Advantages

The reasons that make Tacoma such an important importing and exporting point are due to natural causes. The harbor is deep and capacious and the shore so located that wharves, warehouses and docks of great extent can be constructed at the least possible cost. The Northern Pacific terminals here are the most extensive on the coast. They have already cost nearly \$15,000,000 and cannot be duplicated elsewhere for two

dock has been leased by the government for its uses, and practically all the Alaskan business and all of the forage for the Philippines are now being shipped from this port.

Puget Sound is literally teeming with fish of nearly every variety. Alaska is probably a more prolific source of fish supply than Puget Sound, but the fisheries of Alaska are owned and controlled by Puget Sound fishermen and their product is brought to the Puget Sound

BIG LOGS GOING INTO THE LARGEST LUMBER MILL IN THE WORLD AT TACOMA



or three times that sum. They are of the most modern construction and have every possible convenience to economize time and save money. The port has a reputation all over the world for quick dispatch. A large and commodious dry-dock offers every convenience to the ship owner for the repair of his vessels. After experimenting with all the ports of the Pacific coast, to determine which was the cheapest and best port at which to transact business, the United States Quartermaster's Department has selected Tacoma as the northern port to be used in competition with San Francisco on the south. A large and commodious

cities and distributed from here. Salmon is the most important and valuable of all the fish and Puget Sound and Alaska produce sixty per cent of the total supply of the United States. The halibut banks are located off the capes at the entrance of San Juan de Fuca and also in Alaska, and this fish is shipped in great quantities from Tacoma to the great cities of the United States, even to Boston.

For Health and Pleasure

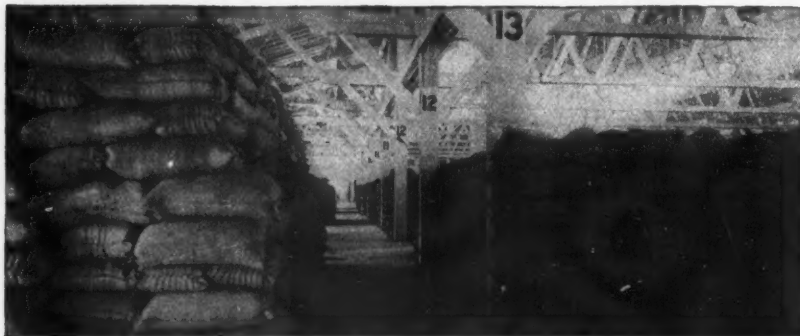
To those who experienced the torrid weather of last summer, it may be interesting to know that there is a part of the

United States in which the thermometer never reached ninety-five and rarely touches ninety. In Tacoma last July the hottest weather known was eighty-seven and in August eighty-eight. The highest that the thermometer has reached in twelve years is ninety-two and that but once. It may also be interesting to know that in winter the thermometer as rarely goes below twenty-above as in Boston it goes below zero—the seasons here being rainy and dry. Neither term, however, is strictly correct. It rains every month during the summer and

Park—on a point of land jutting out into Puget Sound and covering 640 acres is considered by many to be one of the finest parks in the United States. It has been left in its natural state and giant fir and cedar trees towering two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet toward the sky and six or seven feet in diameter are numerous.

The Ferry Museum was presented to the city by one of the pioneers, Colonel C. P. Ferry. In addition to the usual works of art found in any museum of its kind, it contains the largest collection of

INTERIOR OF LARGEST WHEAT WAREHOUSE IN THE WORLD, AT TACOMA. IT IS 2,360 FEET LONG



there are many pleasant and sunny days every month during the winter.

To the health and pleasure seeker this region offers many inducements in addition to climate. Hunting, fishing, yachting, mountain climbing, and other amusements can be indulged in to the fullest extent. One of the finest golf links in the world lies adjacent to the city and enthusiasts will be found enjoying the game every day in the year.

Tacoma has the same reputation for culture and refinement in the West that Boston has in the East. Its 52,000 inhabitants enjoy equal advantages in the matter of schools, churches, colleges, and clubs as is possible in any city twice its size. There are several beautiful parks in the city and one—Point Defiance

Indian baskets and curios to be found in the world. There is also a large collection of Philippine curios. Captain D. F. Tozier of the United States revenue cutter "Grant," who has cruised in the Puget Sound and Alaskan districts for many years, has made a specialty of collecting baskets from tribes of Indians along the coast, and his collection is undoubtedly the finest and largest in existence. This is now splendidly housed and catalogued at the Ferry Museum and is a source of constant delight to the Eastern visitor.

Tacoma probably offers more inducements to the Eastern tourist than any other city in the West, and to the business man and manufacturer the opportunities opened are beyond compare.

America's Greatest Railroad

By MITCHELL MANNERING

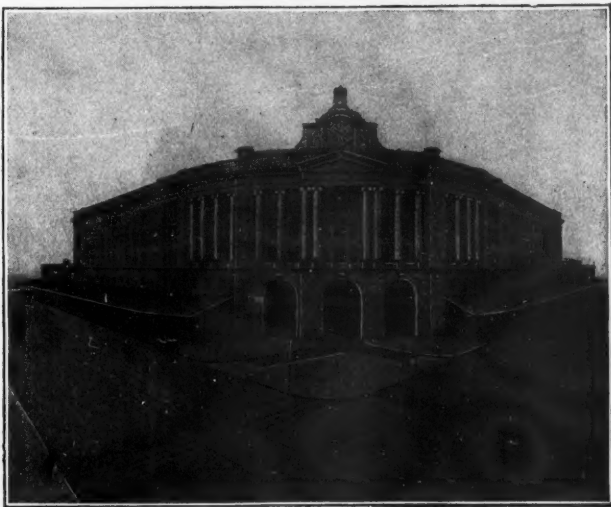
The Boston & Albany

AS the initial line of a great transcontinental system, the Boston & Albany enjoys a great prestige. It is an interesting study of alert American life to look over the handsome heavy trains which enter and depart from the terminal station in Boston, over the Boston and Albany. The vestibule trains offer all that could be asked in the way of comfort and although it is only the first five and a half hours of a western journey that the train is on the Boston and Albany road, that space of time makes a pleasant overture for an overland tour. The oiled roadbed provides the first essential of comfort—no dirt, no jolting—just a glide through picturesque New England with the beautiful Berkshire Hills as a climax and the time is soon passed. The tourist sleepers are always comfortably filled, and make a trip to California a very simple matter; in fact, it can be done without unpleasant haste in a fortnight's outing. The accommodations are certainly unrivalled and the hospitable char-

acter of the Boston & Albany overland tourist car service is always attractive. The through service and connections made by the Boston & Albany to all points south and west make it a popular road. In connection with the New York Central, running from New York city to Buffalo, and the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, extending from Buffalo to Chicago and the farther west, it may be well termed a part of "America's Greatest Railroad"—in fact, the initial line and the great artery of travel that leads westward from New England to all parts of the country. Just stop a minute and see that your ticket reads via the Boston & Albany and you will not have occasion to regret it.

THE SOUTH TERMINAL STATION, BOSTON,

where the New York Central and Lake Shore roads deliver passengers from the West over the tracks of the Boston & Albany line. This station is one of the largest and most magnificent in the world.



The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern

EVEN the incessant traveler — one who spends five nights a week in sleeping cars and on a railroad train, always has a word of commendation for the remarkable smoothness of the road bed of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. This is not a mere accident or incident, but a growth. It seems as if the road bed is improved every year until now the inspector's full glass of water sitting upon the car window sill will not spill a drop. There is scarcely a perceptible jar—only the slight vibration of the swiftly moving Limited. This is explained by the care taken with the track gauge in keeping the rails so accurately adjusted that the side-swaying, sea-sickish movement is never known on the Lake Shore. The only double track road from Chicago to the East, it assumed unrivalled supremacy as the foremost mail route, when the fundamental basis of a perfect system was laid in an unexcelled road bed. An actual photograph of the track conditions which exist on this entire system tells the story.

ONE OF THE "LAKE SHORE'S" FAST PASSENGER ENGINES



The road bed and ties are as level as a billiard table and the rails are as straight and true as an arrow. The perfect adjustment of the double steel pathway that stretches along the south shores of the inland seas for over three hundred miles, affords a bit of travel that is beyond criticism. There is always an irresistible charm in a trip over this road that cannot be described.

The rushing of the Australian mails over this road toward England has superseded the Suez route. A trip from the East to Chicago without going over the Lake Shore means missing the acme of perfection in American railway travel. The locomotive shown here is one of the Lake Shore "600" series of fast passenger engines which was awarded the grand prize at the Pan-American Exposition. With locomotives and cars equipped with the very best appliances and a road bed unsurpassed, it is no wonder that the Lake Shore is widely known as the route for the United States Government fast mails, and has held this prestige undisputed for over a quarter of a century. The fast train service also affords the greatest degree of safety and comfort to

the traveling public.

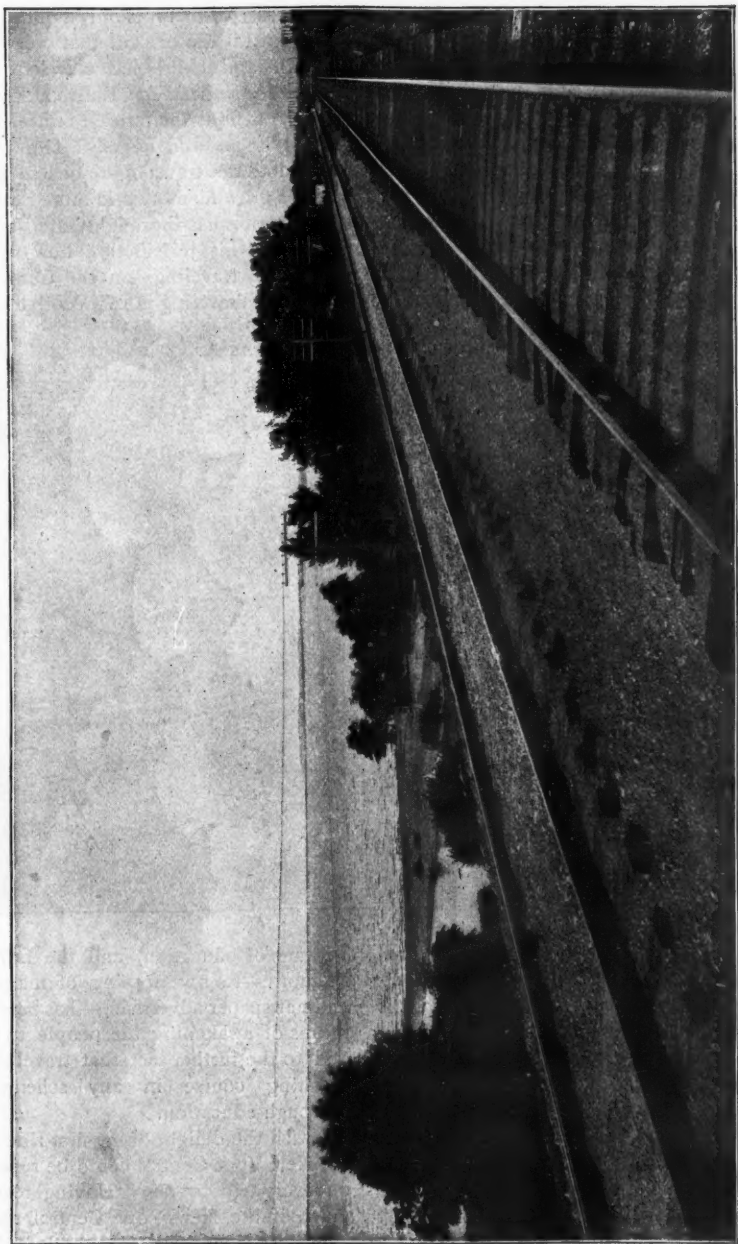
See that your ticket reads via Lake Shore and you will thank us for the suggestion.

The New York Central

SUPPOSING that an American School Boy were asked the question: "What is America's greatest railway?"

Can you guess what he would reply?

A BIT OF THE LAKE SHORE'S PERFECT ROADBED—A TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN RAILROAD BUILDING

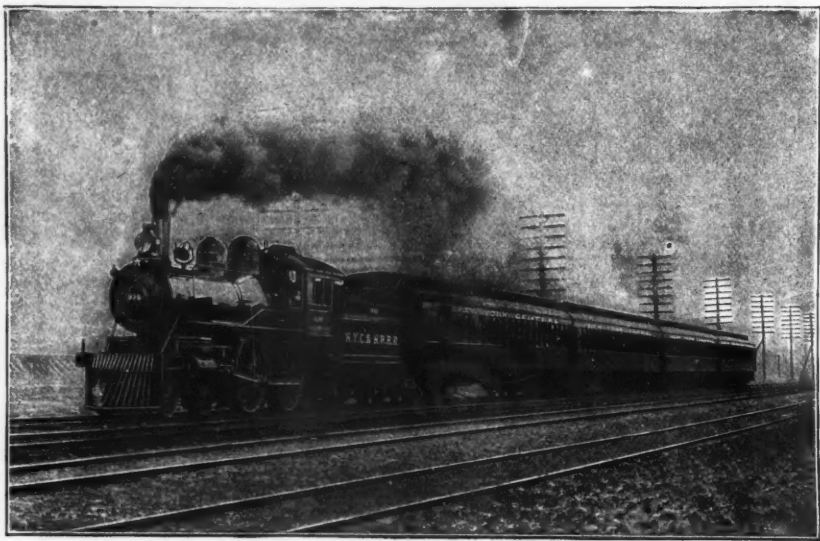


The incomparable advertising done by General Passenger Agent George H. Daniels has made the fact too generally known to admit of a moment's hesitation.

"The New York Central!" comes the response. This fact needs no further demonstration than a single journey over any portion of the railroad that parallels the classic Hudson river and the picturesque Erie Canal. It is doubtful if there are many travelers in America who have

broadcast; so that it is only a question of time until it can be said that every man, woman and child has travelled over "America's Greatest Railroad." For each year finds the mileage traveled per capita larger and larger. The person who does not travel more or less now-a-days is growing more and more rare, and Mr. Daniels has thoroughly educated the people of his jurisdiction how to save money by traveling—on the Central, of course. Traveling is an incentive to and

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL'S "EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS"



not enjoyed the thrilling pleasure of a rail trip down the historic Mohawk valley. For those who have not had this pleasure there is only one thing to say—don't miss it—if you come this way. It has been recently stated that there are not five persons in a hundred, among our English-reading population, who are not more or less familiar with the "Four Track" series of entertaining booklets and Elbert Hubbard's classic essay, "The Message to Garcia," which the Central so admired that it spread it

a means of education, and the railroad literature—to say nothing of magazine and newspaper advertising—has been the means of awakening the people to this, and to the further fact that travel is the finishing course in any scheme of thorough education.

I wish the delight of my first ride over the New York Central could be repeated on every trip by rail. Having read so much of the New York Central road—its associations with Commodore Vanderbilt, Senator Depew and others fam-

ous in our annals—as early as I dropped into “McGuffey’s First Reader,” it seemed like the realization of a dream. The coaches were larger and incomparably finer than the youthful imagination pictured them, and instead of two there were four tracks; there, too, was the big wheel-winged Empire State Express that will, through Mr. Daniels’ foresight, go down to posterity on a Pan-American postage stamp. There was the canal, a shining waterway through a peerless sketch of landscape which enthusiastic New Yorkers claim was the original Garden of Eden. Well, all such emotions are treasured. What the idyllic knight in mail of old was to the youth of that day, the swift night mail of modern

days is to the youth of the present time.

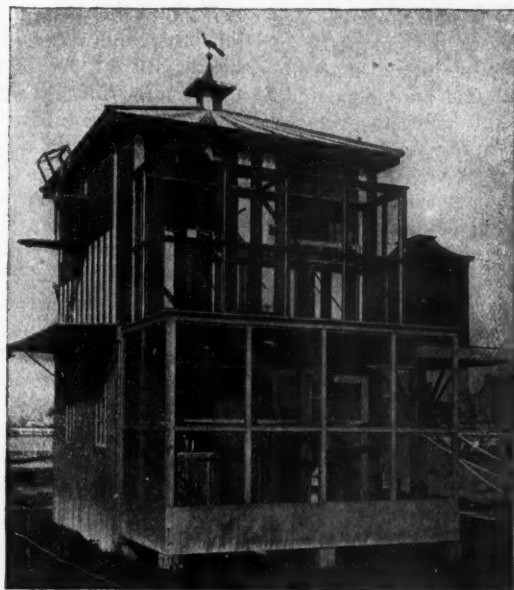
The New York Central truly deserves its leading position among American railroads and that distinction gives it a world wide preeminence. German scholars, British authors and French pleasure seekers all have something to jot down in their diaries about the New York Central railroad and “Sir George Daniels”—not forgetting to include the usual rhapsody on Niagara Falls—in true Anthony Trollope style. The New York Central railroad is truly a typical American institution and when the history of the times are written in centuries to come—the railroads among which it is the leader will be emphasized as the typical expression of the spirit of the age.



UNCLE SAM'S PIGEON COOP AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

Every warship that leaves the yards takes half a dozen carrier pigeons, whose possible use is obvious.

Photo by Enrique Muller





IT is amusing to note the avidity with which Western visitors to New England begin at once to hunt up their genealogy, and most of them find that they had distinguished ancestry of which nothing had been known theretofore. Nor is this altogether without its beneficial results. Certainly no one is injured by discovering that his ancestors were true types of sturdy puritans or courageous cavaliers. Our greatness to-day as a nation is not altogether due to chance. We are the composite of several centuries of an interesting evolution. Nor is all this prominence and greatness the result altogether of the strength of our sturdy forefathers. A mingling of all races on American soil has brought about a new type of people which is truly cosmopolitan. It is not wise, however, in spite of our pride in ourselves, to forget what we owe to our forefathers. The interest in the genealogical investigation is not altogether inspired by personal pride, but is in part a tribute to the memory of those pioneers who builded so well without fear or favor, little knowing what the future would bring forth. This brings to mind the fact that when people or individuals go ahead and do their very best, the desired results may not be apparent during their lifetime; but as Balzac insisted,

"Whatever goes into the soil must come out," and wherever good purposes and good intentions are implanted, there must be good fruit. It is the very nature and order of things.

THERE is a feeling of timidity that oftentimes overcomes a writer when beginning an article. As in writing a letter, it is getting started that puzzles. It is the custom to begin with slow moving piston and work gradually into full speed until the flow of words is free—and then the difficulty with some of us is to find the brake valve. Again, a writer sometimes discovers that his beginning is a more fitting ending, and vice versa. The newspaper style is to throw general conclusions up strong under the head lines, while the sermonizer reserves them until his final climax. Thackeray remarked once that he could never tell exactly what he was going to say until his pen was in hand and under motion, and then did not fully realize just what he was saying until it was written; there is a sub-consciousness that shapes writing as it does speaking. This, I know, disturbs some well known theories of speaking and writing—as to weighing everything and then measuring it out as a druggist compounds a prescription.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

But my observations are that the preparation is more in getting full of a subject and then letting the mind work free under the impulse of the dominating idea. There are as many ways and methods in writing and speaking as there are individuals and yet the fundamental law in the transmission of thought and speech runs largely in the same groove, whether it be the jargon of the Hottentot or the polished periods of the scholar. Human nature has its own primitive impulses that defy all rules of rhetoric and the power of expression—that is, the power, mind you—is deeper seated than any artificial formula of stylists.

“THE National” feels no little pleasure in having been chosen by Mr. O. C. Auringer of Northwood, New York, as the medium through which to give to the American people his memorial ode, “A Cuspide Corona,” published in this number. We believe it safe to say that now for the first time the public’s mourning for the great dead, and its feeling toward the elements of society responsible for his foul murder, have for the first time been given full and adequate expression in strong and sonorous verse. “A Cuspide Corona” is new proof that the nobler ideals of Americanism are not passing, but glow with an ever brighter flame. It is fitting that this splendid memorial to the dead President should appear in the pages of “The National,” which often profited by the wise and generous counsel of William McKinley, and in whose pages Senator Hanna is paying simple and sincere tribute to the memory of his departed friend. The Senator’s first paper, published in the January “National,” has been more widely quoted and commented upon than any other magazine contribution of the last quarter century. In writing for “The National,” he has written for the

whole people; this magazine, recognizing a certain duty to the public in this stance, has given the daily press every opportunity to reproduce these articles, in order that no citizen might fail to gain the inspiration to good citizenship that is the spirit of the most significant published commentaries on the late President. It was but natural that thousands should become regular readers of “The National” in order to possess the Senator’s writings in permanent form, and this is only another manifestation of the depth of popular affection for William McKinley. The lapse of time but serves to reveal him a larger figure in the public affairs of mankind, a nobler example in all the private relations of life.

GOOD habits, like bad habits, are hard to shake off. Perhaps the former are the more tenacious—we must be pardoned for preferring to believe it so. And of all good habits, few, we are encouraged to assert, are more enduring than the habit of reading “The National.” Once a reader always a reader seems to be pretty nearly the universal rule. Thus, Mrs. M. N. Webster writes from Elk Point, N. Y., saying:

“I take several others, but I would drop any of them before I would “The National.”

And this from Edward Lash, Farmersburg Ind.:

“Mother says, ‘Give me “The National” and you can have all the others.’”

“The National,” writes E. T. Montgomery, of Clinton, Mo., “has found a place in my affections, not held by any other publication.”

No matter how many cares and worries the day may develop, these all disappear and give place to the best of good cheer when we sit back at evening and read these kindly, generous letters from our friends who have formed “The National” habit—and are glad of it.



THE ETERNAL ROCK—GIBRALTAR

Most Delightful of Winter Trips

To the Mediterranean by the Dominion Line.

OF all sections of the world there is none which offers more attractions to the average traveler than the Mediterranean and the countries which form its beautiful and historic coast line. Here it is that the modern traveler may hark back into the very birthplace of literature and art, and tarry amid the hoary antiquities of forgotten ages without sacrificing en voyage any of the comforts of modern life.

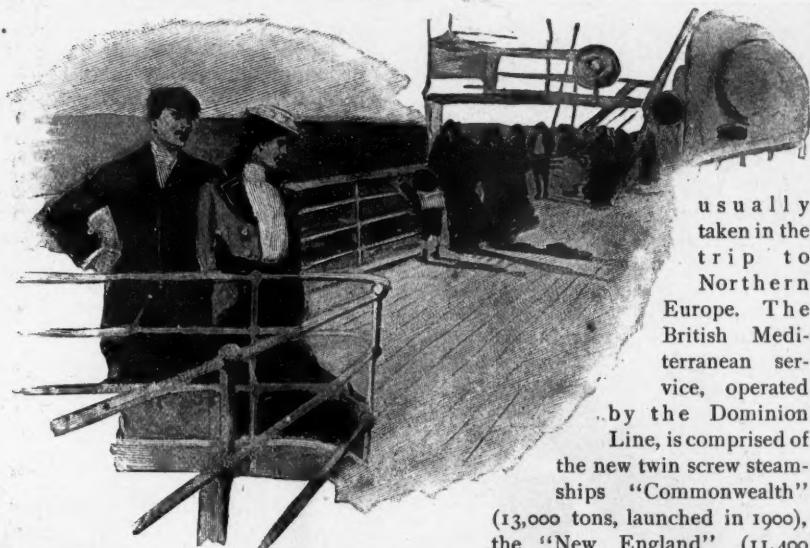
Within the zone of what is called the Mediterranean region the tourist finds an ideal climate, free from all the exhausting and dangerous elements of our American winters. No one ever visits it without bringing back lasting and delightful memories of the scores of interesting places which bear no semblance to any other place on earth. There is but one Egypt, but

one Italy, Cairo with its neighbors the Pyramids and Sphinx, Naples with its crowning glory Vesuvius, and its dead neighbors Pompeii and Herculaneum, Genoa with its splendid palaces, the Riviera with its Monte Carlo, Nice, its glorious climate and exquisite scenery—none of these is found in duplicate anywhere else. To visit



them and the scores of other delightful places which are readily visited upon what is known as the Mediterranean trip

make the voyage to the Mediterranean with the greatest comfort, but within a limit of time but little more than is



usually taken in the trip to Northern Europe. The British Mediterranean service, operated by the Dominion Line, is comprised of the new twin screw steamships "Commonwealth"

(13,000 tons, launched in 1900), the "New England" (11,400

tons, launched 1898), the largest passenger vessels which have ever passed through the giant pillars of Hercules into the Mediterranean, and the modern "Cambroman," which has been so popular upon the Dominion Line's service to Northern Europe.

is to get full value for the time and money spent.

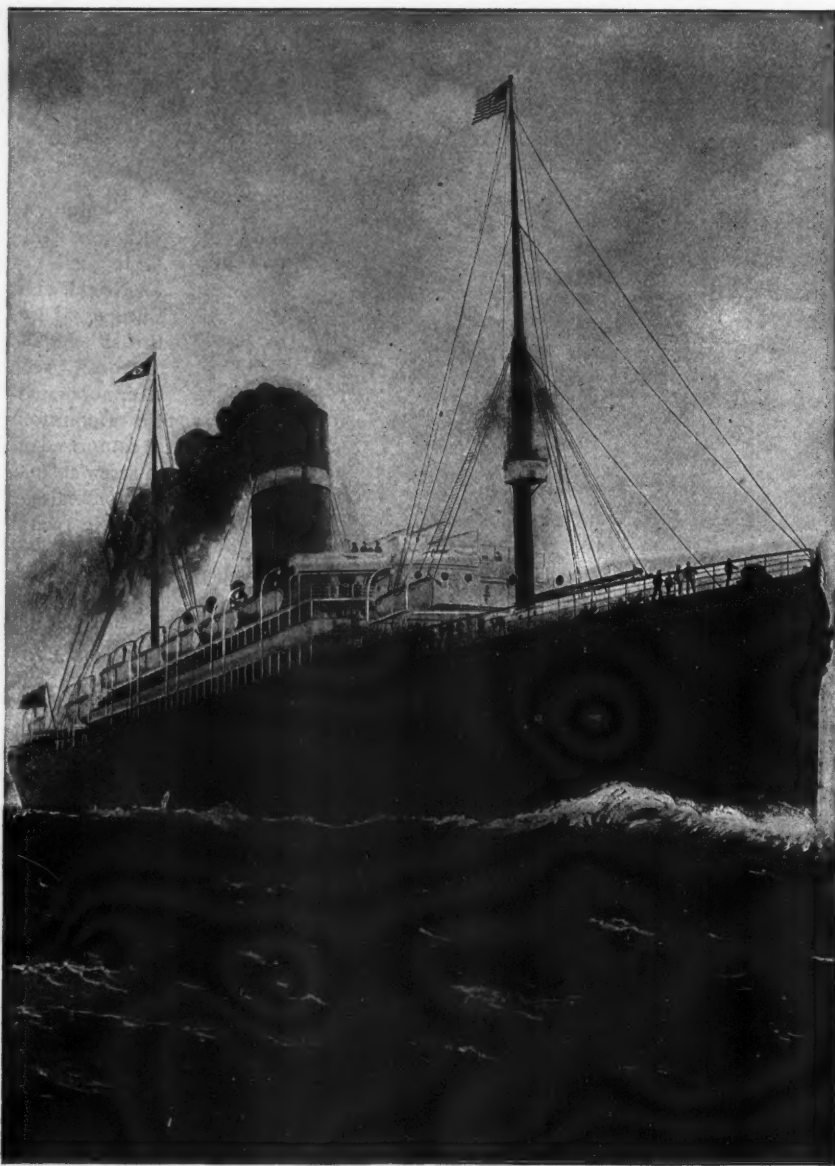
With fast and luxurious steamships, such as those of the Dominion Line, sailing upon regular schedules between Boston, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples and Alexandria, the traveler may not only



IN ANCIENT ROME

MOST DELIGHTFUL OF WINTER TRIPS

These steamships, built by Harland & Wolff, Belfast, Ireland, are ideally constructed for tourist travel. They are of recent construction and the "Common-



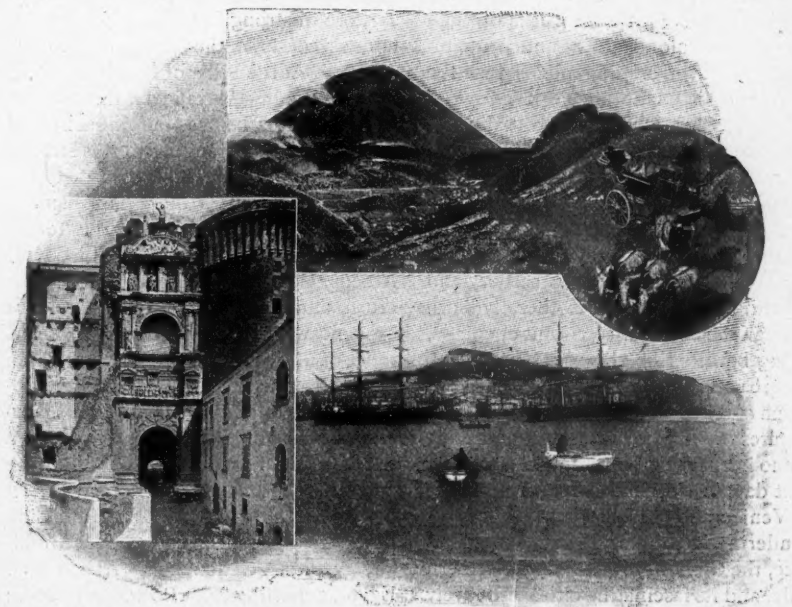
THE MAGNIFICENT NEW TWIN-SCREW STEAMSHIP "COMMONWEALTH" OF THE DOMINION LINE'S
BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE

wealth" and "New England" are among the largest vessels afloat.

They are of the modern type of marine architecture in that all the staterooms are large, splendidly ventilated and situated amidships. They have every known device for steadiness in rough weather.

The Dominion Line service is designed to afford the most convenience, and safety and comfort are to be found upon their steamers, which, together with their bilge or "fin" keels, makes

city at its base. The world has few more interesting spots than Gibraltar, and besides its own peculiar charms it is the radial point for side trips to the interesting cities of Spain and the quaint town of Tangier, and its neighbors across the narrow neck of the Mediterranean in Africa. From Gibraltar the ships proceed direct to Naples and thence to Genoa, the terminus of the line. The entrance to the Bay of Naples and the sail on to the famed city of Genoa is



NAPLES AND ITS NEIGHBOR, VESUVIUS

them remarkable for steadiness in rough weather. The course is almost due east from Boston to the Azores, those beautiful islands of the mid-ocean which are in full view from the ship for a distance of nearly four hundred miles.

The first stop is made at Gibraltar, where the ships will remain long enough to afford their passengers an opportunity to visit the wonderful fortifications upon the famous rock, and the quaint little

one of unrivalled delight. There is nowhere in the world the combination of sea and mountain and island scenery that is discovered as the steamship enters between glorious Ischia and Capri. Naples is a great commercial city, but this fact is hidden from the casual visitor by the fascination of the gay Neapolitan temperament seeking amusement in the highways, and making the busiest of them playgrounds and living places.

The museum here has no rival in the possession of such rare works of art as the antique bronzes of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Vesuvius offers the experience of a lifetime. The traveler direct from American shores finds in Naples a satisfying landing port for Southern Italy and for the Eastern Mediterranean. Genoa, the terminus of the Dominion Line's southern service, is chiefly important to the traveler as an entrance to Europe. On either side the railways pass along the coasts to regions of surpassing beauty and verdure. To the west it is through tunnels and along cliffs, under mountains and over smiling plains that the short run is made to Pegli and San Remo, to Bordighera and its palm forests, and across the French line to Mentone, and to Nice and Cannes. Monaco and Monte Carlo, grievously wicked and ecstatically beautiful, are en route. To the east of Genoa the Italian Riviera is scarcely less attractive in scenery and vegetation. The road is literally hewn through the cliffs with constant openings, giving bewildering glimpses of the deep blue sea and lateen sails. From Genoa, Milan and its splendid cathedral and rare pictures are five hours distant, and Lake Como is but little beyond. The traveler next day floating in the opal atmosphere of Venice, the old city of the Doges, or wandering in the storied streets of Florence, the City of Flowers. All Northern Italy, and its fascinating cities and lovely scenery and wonderful art, are within easy reach of this central seaport.

The regular route of the Dominion Line steamers is from Boston to Naples via Gibraltar thence to Genoa, but the "Commonwealth" and "New England," upon their voyages in January and February, will touch first at Genoa after

leaving Gibraltar, and proceed from that port to Naples and Alexandria, Egypt, for the convenience of the large number of tourists who wish to visit Egypt and the Holy Land.

From Naples to Alexandria the sail is intensely interesting, and the Dominion Line service embraces several sailings to this port during the tourist season. The flat shores of the coast of this varied and entrancing sea, as found in the vicinity of Alexander's city, with only the groups of palms rising against the low Egyptian sky, are in strong contrast to the mountainous coasts of the Western Mediterranean. As the Pillar of Pompey is seen, in approaching Alexandria, the traveler feels as never before the influence of the old, old life belonging to this strange land through which he is to pass to the weird plains "where the Sphinx smiles on o'er the desert dust at the tombs that forever and ever stand." Egypt, Athens, Constantinople and the Golden Horn, and the Sweet Waters of Asia, are brought within a comparatively short range of us by the Dominion Line, which carries its passengers so far into the domains of the older world before its luxurious vessels are left and the charm of a sea voyage is ended. The following dates have been scheduled for the sailings of the ships of the Dominion Line in the Mediterranean service for Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa and Alexandria, Egypt, departing from Boston as follows: "Commonwealth," February 12; "Camborman," February 26. Full information regarding the British Mediterranean service may be had by addressing head office of the Dominion Line, 77-81 State Street, Boston, Mass., 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., or Edwin H. Low, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

